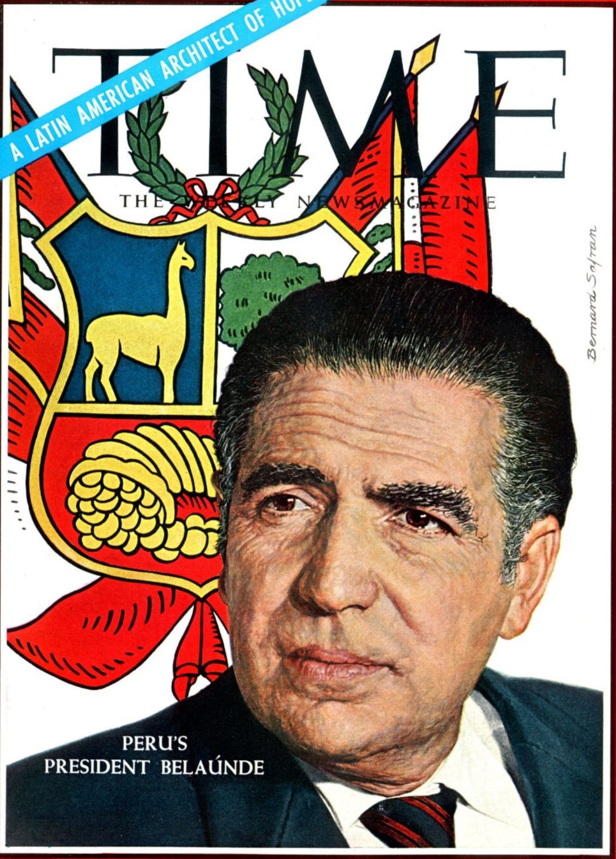
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MARCH 12, 1965



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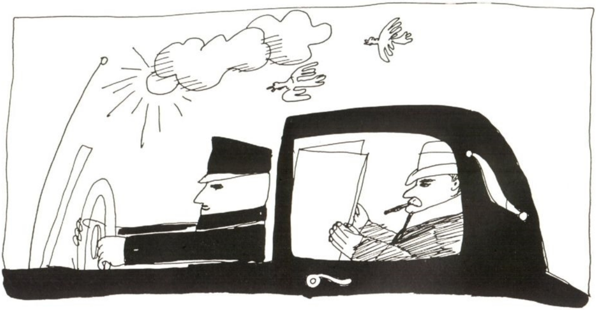

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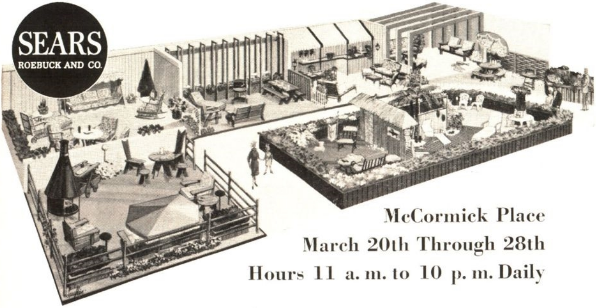

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A beautiful patio, like a beautiful home, is a source of great pleasure to those who have one. What could be more fun for the family than a Sunday breakfast on the patio . . . or entertaining in the cool evening by candlelight? Through clever planning you can convert your outdoor area into a second living room. Sears has selected several patio planning examples in hopes that they'll give you some useful ideas. Visit the Flower and Garden show and see these ideas . . . buy your needs from Sears . . . then have the very best summer ever.

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AULD LANG SYNE TO THE GOOD OLD R.M.S.F.S.S.

Aye, let's face it loyal followers of the RMSFSS, we're finished. After having The Real MACKENZIE, Scotch all to ourselves these fine 138 years, we're bowing to progress and sharing this bonnie of all Scotches with you guid folk over there in America. (We're right sorry about the advertisements on the page, but we ran short of coins and we're forced to solicit some help in order to run our last message to you.)

R.M.S.F.S.S.

Ah weel, ours was a gallant fight. But one never meant to succeed. We all knew that once you Americans got so much as a whiff o' the lovely light flavour and real smooth full-bodied mellowness of The Real MACKENZIE it was all over. (Despite some factions that were believing Americans had no taste, we were never so daft to believe a word of it.)

Mac NABS
Bird'n Bottle Inne
"Best loonch you ever ete"

Now that everything is said and done, we're thinking with pride that you will be sharing and appreciating the rare pleasures found only in The Real MACKENZIE. And, in so hoping that it could be of interest, we're passing along some of our own personal thoughts gathered to'tither these

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3. Now, slowly, ever so slowly lads, sip The Real MACKENZIE back on your tongue, rolling it about a second to capture the full flavour fill of the wonderful smoothness.

4. Repeat steps 1, 2 and 3, enjoying it all the more.

So we sae in parting with good spirits, let's rally around The Real MACKENZIE, lads!

And don't ye forget about the rare 12 and 20 year Real MACKENZIE Scotch that's also now available to ye.

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 10

WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-10:45 p.m.).* Bette Davis is mother of the bride in *The Catered Affair*, with Debbie Reynolds, 1956.

THE GRAND AWARD OF SPORTS (ABC, 9:30-11 p.m.). Bing Crosby presents a new prize to 21 outstanding athletes.

Thursday, March 11

DR. KILDARE (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Colleen Dewhurst plays a bride who refuses surgery for breast cancer. Tom Bosley co-stars.

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). A woman reporter kills a man who seems about to attack her.

Friday, March 12

THE BOB HOPE THEATER (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A former Hollywood star tries to break into Italian art films. With Nanette Fabray and Ricardo Montalban. Color.

THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests are Peggy Lee, Mike Nichols and Elaine May. Color.

Saturday, March 13

THE BOLD MEN (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Tales of specialists in courage, including Parachutist Rod Pack, who falls 10,600 ft. before a mid-air meeting with a fellow sky diver carrying an extra parachute.

THE HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Victor Borge is host to Rosemary Clooney and Comedian Shecky Greene.

Sunday, March 14

LAMP UNTO MY FEET (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). Report on the flourishing Jewish community of Hungary.

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN (ABC, 5-6 p.m.). Cape buffalo hunting in Africa, perch fishing on the Nile, and geese shooting in Chesapeake Bay. Color.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A look at a rare example of international cooperation in Southeast Asia: the project to control the Mekong River.

ALCOA PREVIEW (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Behind the scenes with Virna Lisi as she made *How to Murder Your Wife*, and with Tommy Steele as he prepares for his Broadway debut in the musical *Half a Sixpence*.

THE DANNY THOMAS SPECIAL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). A spoof of burlesque with Guests Lee Remick, Jim Nabors and Mickey Rooney, plus cameo appearances by Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin. Color.

Tuesday, March 16

HULLABALOO (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Jack Jones is host to French Pop Singer Sylvie Vartan and the Serendipity Singers. Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

ALL IN GOOD TIME. Bill Naughton has fashioned a tenderly perceptive human comedy out of a single obvious and slightly quaint-sounding joke: the inability of a pair of provincial newlyweds to consummate their marriage. There are no clinical freaks to be found here—just blessedly real people.

* All times E.S.T.

TINY ALICE. Edward Albee's opaque allegory peddles the fallacy that the pure in heart are mortally vulnerable before institutionalized worldliness. The symbols tinkle hollowly, but the theatricality of the play is electrically charged by John Gielgud and Irene Worth.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. A raucous contest between the flesh and the spirit has riotous results. Diana Sands and Alan Alda are delightful as a battling prostitute and a book clerk.

LUV. Three characters take a bath in a river of self-pitying tears. The talents of Author Murray Schisgal, Director Mike Nichols, and Actors Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson and Alan Arkin make the immersion hilarious.

Off Broadway

A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Apart from *Death of a Salesman*, this is Arthur Miller's most compelling effort to dramatize the tragedy of a common man. Robert Duvall's gutsy portrayal of the doomed longshoreman-hero gives the play a tingling emotional impact.

WAR AND PEACE. Though it is never easy to shrink an oak back to an acorn, Phoenix Theater's production of the mammoth Tolstoy classic is surprisingly dramatic. In this play, and in an alternate offering, *Man and Superman*, individual performances are submerged in beautiful ensemble playing.

THE SLAVE and THE TOILET have been written with a tongue of obscene fire, and the people Negro Playwright LeRoi Jones obviously intends to sear are liberal white intellectual race-relation do-gooders.

RECORDS

Virtuosos

BENJAMIN BRITTEN: SYMPHONY FOR CELLO AND ORCHESTRA (London). On the heels of 1963's bestselling *War Requiem* comes another major new work by Britten, recorded by Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich and the English Chamber Orchestra under the composer's baton. A 35-minute symphony of gloomy grandeur, it opens with short, skittering, sometimes angry themes. They are like uneasy questions, finally answered in passages that are broadly melodic but nevertheless tentative and unsettling.

BEETHOVEN: SONATAS FOR PIANO AND CELLO (2 LPs; Philips). Beethoven gave both the pianist and cellist a good deal to say in his sonatas, which makes the pairing of these artists a special delight. Sviatoslav Richter, 50, and Mstislav Rostropovich, 37, have been playing chamber music together for years, and each knows when to follow the other's moods and when to talk back.

A FRENCH PROGRAM (RCA Victor). French piano music has a tendency to sound delicate and slightly frostbitten. Artur Rubinstein breathes warmth and life into it, without ever losing his exquisite urbanity. His tribute to France, his home for much of his life, includes two *Intermezzi* by his late friend Francis Poulenc and *La Vallée des Cloches* by Ravel.

RACHMANINOFF: SECOND PIANO CONCERTO (Columbia). In 1947 an 18-year-old student with a penchant for Rachmaninoff was chosen to play the *Second Piano Concerto* with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Gary Graffman has never stopped reworking the ultra-romantic piece and by now, as shown by this rich and seasoned performance, his formidable steel fingers are entirely in the service of the Russian's melancholy rhapsodies. With the New York Philharmonic, under Bernstein.

CARL PHILIPP EMANUEL BACH: SIX SONATAS FOR FLUTE AND HARPSICHORD (Nonesuch). In bringing back the solo flute, the baroque revival has also headlined a brilliant French flutist, Jean-Pierre Rampal, who seems to have enough breath to tackle the entire 18th century output for his instrument. Turning from J. S. Bach and Mozart, Rampal has recently recorded music by Telemann, Pergolesi and others, as well as these melodic and graceful entertainments by Bach *fils*, accompanist for that royal flutist, Frederick the Great.

JOHN WILLIAMS (Columbia). "A prince of the guitar has arrived," announced Segovia of his 17-year-old Australian-born pupil in 1958. Williams is still playing royally—his own transcription of Bach's *Fourth Lute Suite* and some Spanish showpieces like Albeniz' *Sevilla* and Tarrega's *Recuerdos de la Alhambra*.

CINEMA

THE SOUND OF MUSIC. This Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein musical about the Trapp Family Singers who fled Austria after the *Anschluss* of 1938 has more sugar than spice, but a buoyant performance by Julie Andrews makes the show seem irresistibly *gemütlich*.

RED DESERT. Against bleak industrial landscape near Ravenna, Italy's Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura, La Notte*) explores the neurotic problems of a young wife (Monica Vitti) and, frame by frame, fills his first color film with precisely shaded insights and breathtaking beauty.

JOY HOUSE. Director René Clément (*Purple Noon*) mixes chills with chuckles in an absurd but enjoyable thriller about a Gallic gigolo (Alain Delon) who eludes assassins on the Riviera, only to fall into the clutches of a coltish *femme fatale* (Jane Fonda).

TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC. This stark and timeless historical drama by Director Robert Bresson is based on actual transcripts of Joan's heresy trial, preserved in French archives since 1431.

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE. As a carefree bachelor who gets waylaid into matrimony, Jack Lemmon pleads the case for uxoricide, though his manservant (Terry-Thomas) makes the crime nonsensical, and his scrumptious lady (Italy's Virna Lisi) makes it practically unthinkable.

THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG. Young love's spring song fades gradually to a swan song in this sadly cynical French musical by Director Jacques Demy.

MARRIAGE—ITALIAN STYLE. Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni pour all their charm into a hilarious old tearjerker about a home-loving harlot who parlays a few crumbs of love into a wedding feast.

ZORBA THE GREEK. An uproarious Bacchanalian bash based on Nikos Kazantzakis' novel and superbly acted by Anthony Quinn as the wild old goat whose life is a series of total disasters.

NOTHING BUT A MAN. The anguishing reality of what it means to be born black in America is set forth with power and poignancy in a straightforward drama about Negro newlyweds (Abbey Lincoln,

Ivan Dixon) struggling to find their place in the white man's world.

GOLDFINGER. To save the gold at Fort Knox, James Bond (Sean Connery) endures sex, sadism, and other in-line-of-duty disturbances—all impeccably tailored, of course.

SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON. A throat-drying English thriller, built around Kim Stanley's subtly menacing performance as a deranged medium whose "voices" tell her to kidnap a child.

BOOKS

Best Reading

HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES, edited by Irwin Blacker. The highlights of Richard Hakluyt's amazing compendium of travel diaries, letters and essays, which eloquently chronicle Elizabethan England's rise from seagirt obscurity to world power.

MERIWETHER LEWIS, by Richard Dillon. The lively tale of the explorer who charted the American frontier but died in alcoholic ruin a few years after his triumph.

THE WHITSUN WEDDINGS, by Philip Larkin. Crystalline images and insights distilled from commonplace settings and circumstances by the reticent British librarian whose spare, introspective lines have won him a reputation as Britain's finest contemporary poet.

THE NEGRO COWBOYS, by Philip Durham and Everett L. Jones. Probably no group of slaves became emancipated more quickly or completely than the 5,000 Negro cowboys who rode the ranges from Texas to Montana, many earning fame and fortune. The authors' lively prose and vivid detail help fill in one of the most notable gaps in U.S. history.

PEOPLE OF THE BOOK, by David Stacton. Author Stacton stands alone for the wit and learning that he lavishes on his historical novels. Though his plot sometimes gets lost in this tale of the Thirty Years' War, his prose has never been better.

THE ORDWAYS, by William Humphrey. Thanks to the lively comic vision of Novelist Humphrey (*Home from the Hill*), the Ordways of East Texas, living and dead, make a family tree of Faulknerian dimensions.

JONATHAN SWIFT, by Nigel Dennis. An informed and fair biography of the bitter dean who in Irish exile wrote the most brilliant satires in the English language.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. Funeral in Berlin, Deighton (2)
3. The Man, Wallace (3)
4. Hurry Sundown, Gilden (5)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (4)
6. The Horse Knows the Way, O'Hara (6)
7. The Legend of the Seventh Virgin, Holt (9)
8. Hotel, Hailey (7)
9. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman
10. Joyous Season, Dennis

NONFICTION

1. Markings, Hammarskjöld (1)
2. The Founding Father, Whalen (2)
3. Queen Victoria, Longford (5)
4. The Italians, Barzini (3)
5. Reminiscences, MacArthur (4)
6. The Words, Sartre (8)
7. Sixpence in Her Shoe, McGinley
8. My Shadow Ran Fast, Sands
9. Life with Picasso, Gilot and Lake (6)
10. Stage Struck, Zolotow

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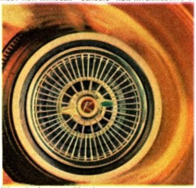
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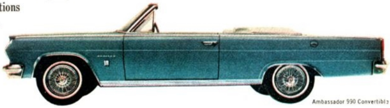
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LETTERS

The Eyes Men Cometh

Sir: Your cover story on Jeanne Moreau [March 5] was a fine tribute. She is not just the greatest actress in films today—she is the *only* actress. You have portrayed her as someone of such inner strength and integrity that one need not fear that the success she so richly deserves will ever spoil her.

HOPE COBB
New York City

Sir: *Viva Maria!*, hell; *Viva* Moreau!

G. F. GRAVENSON
Elkins, W. Va.

Sir: *La Moreau*, the "Jeanne d'Arc of the boudoir"? Why not the "aardvark of the bourgeois"?

J. BYRNES
R. FAVRETTO
J. MCMULLIN
Washington

Sir: Jeanne Moreau is a hauntingly beautiful woman. TIME's cover portrait was just plain haunting.

JOHN MCCLOSKEY
New York City

Sir: The cover portrait of Jeanne Moreau is as it should be. Shadowy and saintly—smooth and stony. Ready to move and become any or every woman. But how can it be Moreau with no eyes?

FRANK REGAN
New York City

Sir: For an artist to see the lyrical in the prosaic is comprehensible, and perhaps the essence of his trade—but the other way around? Moreau is a lovely woman, not a sloe-eyed Orphan Annie advertising 5¢ cigars to the 12th century. Please, next time find someone who can draw.

HANS LIPP
Chicago

Sir: Moreau by Tamayo looks like a rather sour Kore in the Acropolis Museum in Athens. Or perhaps Mr. Tamayo was influenced by the Kouros in the Metropolitan Museum of Art? Either way, let's leave the Greeks alone. Moreau, as your writer says, is all woman, every woman.

WILLIAM G. CONWAY
Orange, Conn.

Sir: Moreau's best film, which you mentioned in your fine article, has for some mysterious reason not been released in the U.S., in spite of its success in Europe. It is R. L. Bruckberger's *Le Dialogue des Carmelites*, in which she plays an 18th century nun rather than her usual 20th century love goddess. Moreau displays such remarkable strength and dignity in the film that the audience becomes convinced that these are personal virtues as well as professional tools. At the end of the film, all of the nuns are beheaded by French revolutionaries, except Moreau of course. She is left as the last Carmelite; only Moreau could carry it off.

HENRY WALKER
New York City

The Late Malcolm X

Sir: I don't think your article on Brother El Hajj Malik El Shabazz [March 5], better known as Malcolm X, was fair at all. As members of the Afro-American Unity Organization, we are not taught to hate whites but to judge a man according to his prestige. We are taught not to turn the other cheek to the Ku Klux Klan but to defend ourselves in event of attacks. You mentioned all the malicious things done during the life of Brother Malcolm, but you never mentioned the things he has done for Afro-Americans, such as scholarships given to Afro-American students to attend universities in the United Arab Republic. No matter what may be said about Brother Malcolm by the power structure and Uncle Toms, deep down in their hearts Afro-Americans are in accord with Malcolm X.

J. L. LILLY
Afro-American Unity Organization
New York City

Sir: It is hard to believe that we white folks wouldn't be just as angry if we were condemned to the same kind of hopeless existence to which we condemn our black brothers.

(MRS.) ALBERTA WYLUDA
Brookline, Mass.

Sir: Your article on Malcolm X is a great service to this country. One can hardly be sad that this despicable human being was assassinated. But heaven above, did you have to put in your article that he was from Michigan? We don't want any credit for this "black devil."

(MRS.) LIL BUNDY
Petoskey, Mich.

Fangs & De-Fangers

Sir: Your Red China survey [Feb. 26] was blessedly factual and realistic, but please consider further and more seriously the alternative of bombing China. Is it not less immoral to bomb nuclear war plants and airfields in China than it is to bomb villages and foot soldiers in Viet Nam? To plan a war of attrition against ignorant, misled masses that the militarists push onto the firing line—that is immoral. As we undertake an operation to "defang" China, we could make it clear to the Russians that it is strictly meant to force China into adopting Russia's own policy of "peaceful co-existence." Russia would rant, surely, but it would not start a nuclear war, and would adjust itself to a weaker China most rapidly.

PAUL WHEADON
New York City

Sir: It is ironic to note that while the figure of the fanged tiger appearing on your cover was executed in bronze during the Chou Dynasty in the 10th century B.C., and epitomizes the animal ferocity of a particularly vigorous period of China's Bronze Age culture, the same symbol is equally appropriate in connection with the regime of the current Red masters. An ideal selection by TIME.

ED CURRAN
San Francisco

Sir: If war comes to the Far East in 1965, then the burden of guilt must rest upon the shoulders of a U.S. wallowing in a sea of uncompromising hostility and divorced from all reality and sanity. Prestige will always allow compromises and the acceptance of new formulas. Is the U.S. so worried about prestige that it must rely solely upon arrogance and threats in conducting its foreign policy?

I. M. MCDONALD
New Glasgow, N.S.

Sir: Your cover story is dangerously close to doubletalk. You accuse China of overweening imperial ambitions. But besides some references to impolite speeches out of Peking, you give no specific evidence that China has transgressed. On the contrary, you acknowledge that "Chinese jets have not left their borders, even to make a show of force over North Viet Nam." What must make the article embarrassing to your discerning readers is that you include a map that distinctly makes the U.S. look like a potential aggressor. You do this very effectively by displaying American military might on the outskirts of China in blood-curdling red. You at least pose the possibility that the U.S. might drop unmentionable Things on The Enemy.

YI-FU TUAN
Albuquerque

Sir: When the U.S.S.R. roundly condemned us for bombing the Viet Cong, it reminded me of our condemnations of the U.S.S.R. during the Hungarian uprising. Though they will rant and rave, the Russians will not do any more than we did in 1956. They have their spheres of influence, and we have ours. We must only have the resolution to hold those areas that are in our interest to hold—and those are all the areas not now under Communism.

CHARLES H. CALISHER
Washington

Pacem, Love & Law

Sir: Re your fine coverage of John XXIII's *Pacem in Terris* [Feb. 26]: As one of those who was enthusiastic about Pope John's whole spirit, I can only be happy about the symposium. However, Pope John's laudable and warmly human vision of peace is unfortunately too closely tied to a philosophically questionable if not outdated view of law. The roots of the type of natural law discussed by Pope John lie in another age, in a world in

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which metaphysics and nonatomic physics prevailed, in which church and state were looked upon as partners in a theocracy. Surely this state of things no longer obtains. John's heart was way ahead of his rationalistic thinking. His world of peace rests on renewal, but that must also include the questionable theory of natural law.

GEORGE J. SMITH
Lake Zurich, Ill.

Sir: I must add my commendation for your report of the meeting on peace. I rejoice to see that a reputable newsmagazine is interested in reporting the thinking of such a minority—but very important—group of people. I rejoice most of all that such meetings are being held. Einstein, you remember, called nationalism the "measles" of mankind. Science and technology have so changed man's environment that he must now live as a citizen of one world under world law.

(THE REV.) ALBERT R. ASHLEY
Broad Ripple Methodist Church
Indianapolis

Sir: It is fine to talk about "how the world might look under the governance of love." It is also nonsense. Love is a concept appropriate in personal relations and theology but not (directly) in matters of government. In large-scale human relations, justice, and not love, is probably the ultimate value.

PAUL F. DELESPINASSE
Adrian, Mich.

The War-Crimes Deadline

Sir: Even if the 20-year statute of limitations on murder were allowed to expire, that would not grant immunity to those nearly 14,000 suspected Nazi criminals against whom legal action has been initiated [March 5]. As in the U.S. and elsewhere, the statute of limitations stops running as soon as any court action to prosecute a suspect has been taken. Precisely for this reason, West German prosecutors have been working feverishly to discover persons before the May 8 deadline takes effect. To be doubly sure, they even took the precaution of starting proceedings against Adolf Hitler, although he is presumed dead. Nor would men like Martin Bormann be able to surface with impunity: a warrant against him was issued long ago.

DR. EWALD BUCHER
Minister of Justice
Federal Republic of Germany

Myth Destroyed

Sir: I note, with a considerable amount of amusement, your footnote to the sad story of Sir Roger Casement, whose body was disinterred from its prison grave [March 5]. The footnote states that "because of an unexplained chemical reaction, the quicklime had not destroyed Casement's corpse." Of course the quicklime had not destroyed the corpse, just as it fails to do this in every case where it is used for this purpose—except in detective stories. Poor Sir Roger's body was probably in a better condition than it would have been otherwise, since quicklime actually preserves rather than destroys bodies. This same "mysterious" failure of quicklime occurred in the Bobby Greenlease kidnaping and murder in St. Louis and, more recently, in the Anthony Biernat murder in Kenosha, Wis. This revelation may cost the lime business some tonnage, but it just ain't so.

C. E. LAGERMAN
The Western Lime & Cement Co.
Milwaukee

Slam

Sir: Why does TIME waste TIME by writing articles on Willem de Kooning's new women [Feb. 26]? His nudes are sensuous? They are hateful and macabre-looking, painted by a third-rate news reporter who reports his own feelings.

INA ANDERS
Los Angeles

Boom

Sir: If those four who conspired to blow up the Statue of Liberty, the Washington Monument, and the Liberty Bell [Feb. 26] had been content to level the new Rayburn House Office Building, I know of a few Congressmen who would have supplied the dynamite.

ART GLICKMAN
Arnold, Md.

Prison Chaplains

Sir: If there is a prison chaplain who is genuinely interested in improving the attitudes of imprisoned criminals [March 5], I suggest he try setting a personal example. In the course of serving almost seven years as a prison inmate, every prison chaplain I met was a sanctimonious bureaucrat who was more interested in saving his job than in saving souls.

JAMES G. CAREY
Detroit

Who Will Do?

Sir: The name Adam Clayton Powell is a mockery to the cause of civil rights, representative government, and responsible ministry. It certainly mocks the idea of creative originality. His stirring statement [Feb. 26] on the House floor—"I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. What I can do, that I ought to do, and what I ought to do, by the grace of God, I will do!"—was not his at all. It was made about 1880 by Frederic William Farrar (1831-1903), canon of Westminster and later dean of Canterbury.

ROBERT KOLOVSON
Derby, Conn.

The quote is also attributed to Author Edward Everett Hale.

Over the Bounding Main

Sir: *Ondine* [March 5] has consistently beaten *Stormvogel*, including the Rio race, 1962, and the Bermuda race, 1964. I believe that *Ondine* has won more races in class or overall than any other modern yacht. All ocean races are handicapped events, depending on the size of the yacht.

W. H. TRIPP
Port Washington, N.Y.

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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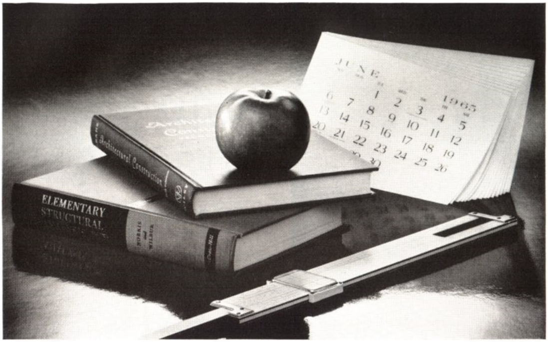

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THIS week's cover story deals with an ancient civilization, a mountainous area over 4,000 miles long, a struggling country and a remarkable Latin American politician who hasn't been involved in any coups lately. The story of Peru's President Belaúnde (whom Artist Safran portrays against a backdrop of the Peruvian coat of arms) is one of leadership in a positive revolution.

TIME's editors and correspondents have been logging Belaúnde's progress for years. On recent trips to Peru, Senior Editor George Daniels and Writer Philip Osborne had long talks with the Peruvian President. When the editors then decided that Belaúnde should be on the cover, the massive job of reporting and research fell to people who brought a high degree of expertise to the task: Bureau Chiefs Roger Stone (Rio), Gavin Scott (Buenos Aires), Mo García (Caracas); Stringers Tomás Loayza (Lima) and Jorge Jurado (Quito); Washington Correspondent Jerry Hannifin; New York Researchers Berta Gold, Erika Kraemer and Priscilla Badger. Obviously expert in his craft, if not necessarily in the area, was the man who took the color photographs, J. Alex Langley, who covered the vast and rugged area by truck, Jeep, horse, helicopter, DC-3, and one sortie in a Grumman Goose piloted by a Franciscan priest.

For all who worked on the project, a particular point of satisfaction lay in telling the story of effort and progress in a part of the world that too often makes headlines only when there is sensational trouble.

THIRTY years ago last month, Time Inc. presented in 417 movie houses across the U.S. the first of a series of film shorts that would revolutionize the art and technique of documentary film-making the world over. It was, of course, the MARCH OF TIME. Over the next 16 years, M.O.T. produced 160 films dealing with 290 subjects, accumulated a unique library of 11 million feet of film, and received 48 awards, including two Oscars.

By the end of World War II, M.O.T. was being shown regularly in nearly 10,000 theaters in the U.S., 5,000 abroad. Its passing from the cinema scene in 1951 was widely lamented in the world's press. New York Times Critic Bosley Crowther found it "a shade ironic that, in these critical times, the film most watchful of the onward march of history should itself be compelled to march off." The popular series, he said (correctly), "bows to screen economics and TV."

This fall, MARCH OF TIME will march on again with a half-hour weekly show on television. Time Inc.'s partner in the production of a modern MARCH OF TIME series is the prestigious documentary filmmaker, David L. Wolper, president of Wolper Productions Inc., whose credits include such memorable films as *The Making of the President 1960* (20 international awards, four Emmies), *D-Day* and *Hollywood: The Golden Years*. Alan Landsburg, producer of Wolper's Peabody Award-winning *Biography* and *Men in Crisis* series, will be executive producer.

The new venture will have a substantial store of resources to draw from: Wolper's own 200-man team plus the TIME-LIFE News Service, reference library and picture collection, and the M.O.T. and Wolper film libraries (the latter includes the complete Paramount Newsreel footage). Important as these libraries will be in supplying history on film, Wolper says that most of the shooting will be fresh—about 90% new, 10% clips.

"The original MARCH OF TIME was a great departure from the everyday newsreel and made moviegoers look forward to the next release," says Producer Wolper. "So will the new MARCH OF TIME establish a new standard for the television documentary and capture the imagination of a new audience. It will be a living record of the great events and personalities of our time."

INDEX

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 12, 1965 Vol. 85, No. 11

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

While the Bullets Whiz

"I know some of you fellows think I get a little irritated at times," President Johnson told aides. "But it's always about the minor things. When the bullets start whizzing around my head, that's when I'm calmest."

Last week the President calmly but measurably stepped up the action in Viet Nam: he sent U.S. jets thundering across the 17th parallel, blasting North Viet Nam targets not on a tit-for-tat reprisal basis but in clear declaration of intent to continue striking north until Hanoi stops sending men and arms south. And at his order, two battalions of U.S. Marines—a total of 3,500 men—prepared to move into South Viet Nam to stiffen defenses around the big airbase at Danang.

Hot Pursuit. Johnson had originally scheduled the air attacks for Feb. 19. But in Viet Nam the weather and the political climate are both uncertain, and coups or clouds kept getting in the way. Finally 19 propeller-driven South Vietnamese Skyraiders and 20 U.S. Air Force Super Sabres took off from Danang and headed for the North Vietnamese torpedo-boat base at Quangkhe, 65 miles north of the 17th parallel. There they relentlessly clobbered berths, repair shops, ammo dumps and supply warehouses with 70 tons of bombs, destroying an estimated 70% of the targets and sinking three to five PT boats in the bargain.

At the same time, the U.S. assembled a force of more than 120 U.S. Super Sabres, Thunderchiefs and B-57 Canberra bombers from Bienhoa and Danang in South Viet Nam, as well as bases in Thailand and possibly the Philippines. Some 30 of the planes peeled off and headed for Quangkhe, while the main force converged on Xombang (appropriately pronounced *zom-bang*), a jungle staging area and supply dump for infiltrators, ten miles north of the South Viet Nam frontier. More than 120 tons of bombs rained down on Xombang, and U.S. officers later reported "severe damage." All told, one South Vietnamese and five U.S. planes were downed during the raids, but five of the six pilots were rescued (*see following story*).

There was abundant additional evidence of U.S. determination to increase the cost of what it calls Hanoi's "continuing aggression" against the south. U.S. jets continued to bomb and strafe Viet Cong guerrillas within South Viet Nam—something they had not been doing until two weeks ago. Others flew over Laos regularly in raids aimed at demolishing the jungle roads that the Reds are building to facilitate troop and supply movements. Moreover, U.S. pilots were flying missions under new "rules of engagement" authorizing hot pursuit of enemy jets right into Red China, if necessary. So far, it has not been necessary; though Peking now has supersonic MIG-19s and MIG-21s sitting at airbases in Yunnan province, just over the North Viet Nam border, and on Hainan Island, 150 miles east of the Viet Nam coast, the planes have been inactive.

Embarrassing Outburst. Red response to the toughening U.S. position was relatively mild. In Peking a French newsman asked Communist Chinese officials if they were still thinking of sending troops to Viet Nam. He was told: "This form of intervention is no longer necessary." In Moscow the Communist Parties of 19 nations gathered to talk about repairing their badly chipped bloc, predictably condemned the U.S. for "barbarous" behavior but issued no call for action. Some 2,000 so-called "students"—mostly Asians—unleashed an unbridled attack on the U.S. Embassy, and the Soviet government obviously was embarrassed at the necessity of calling out 600 cops and 500 militiamen to quell the outburst (*see* THE WORLD).

All the while, President Johnson played it cool, continued quietly about the business of rounding up domestic support for his Viet Nam policies. He invited dozens of previously critical newsmen and Congressmen into the oval

AP

U.S. AIR FORCE B-57S (BOMB STACKS BESIDE THEM) AT BIENHOA AIRBASE
A declaration of intent and some new "rules of engagement."

office for visits that sometimes ran for three hours or more, persuaded impressive numbers of them that his way is the right one. Sympathetic Congressmen were quietly advised by White House aides that the State Department was only too ready to crank out Viet Nam speeches for them to deliver. In a series of White House receptions for members of Congress and their wives, the President invariably took the lawmakers aside for lengthy and intensive briefings on Viet Nam.

A Chat with Frank. But persuasion was not his only weapon. There was, for example, a widely attested (and publicly denied) conversation with Idaho's Democratic Senator Frank Church, who had been making headlines with his Senate speeches suggesting U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam.

At one of the White House receptions, Johnson spotted Church, went over to him and said: "Frank, you've been making some speeches that haven't been very helpful." Said Church: "Well, Mr. President, if you read the speech all the way through, it isn't the same as the headlines." Said the President, "The headlines are all I read and all anybody reads. When you were in trouble out in your state, Frank, I used to come out and give you a hand, didn't I?" Answered Church defensively: "Mr. President, what I've been saying isn't much different from what Walter Lippmann has been writing." The President had the last words. "Walter Lippmann," he said, "is a fine man. I admire him. Next time you're in trouble out in Idaho, Frank, you ask Walter to come help." Church has since noticeably modified his criticisms of U.S. policy in Viet Nam.

Thus President Johnson managed to diminish the number of domestic political bullets whizzing around his head, and to proceed calmly in increasing the military pressure in Viet Nam.

ARMED FORCES

Operation Rescue

U.S. Air Force 1st Lieut. James A. Cullen of Winchester, Mass., could hardly have been in a tighter spot. Hit by Viet Minh gunners during a bombing run over Quangkhe during last week's raids, Cullen bailed out of his F-100 Super Sabre into the Gulf of Tonkin—and practically into the midst of a flotilla of armed Communist junks and torpedo boats. Muzzles flashing, the Red vessels sped toward Cullen as he desperately sought cover behind his life raft. Said he: "I thought I was finished."

He very well might have been, but seven U.S. Navy Skyraiders from a nearby Seventh Fleet carrier suddenly swooped in almost low enough to get their bellies wet, buzzed the Red vessels. Meanwhile, an amphibious Air Force HU-16 "Albatross" that had been circling off Quangkhe in case of just such an emergency, zeroed in on a radio homing beacon built into Cullen's life belt and sighted a brilliant orange marker dye that the downed pilot had released into the water. Defying 5-ft. waves, the Albatross set down without mishap in the choppy gulf, taxied up to Cullen, and was flying him back to South Viet Nam only 30 minutes after he hit the water.

"I Love You." Cullen's rescue was a dramatic but by no means unique example of a highly effective U.S. operation in Viet Nam. Since last October, when the Fifth Air Rescue Detachment was set up at South Viet Nam's Danang airbase with Albatrosses and H43-F "Huskie" helicopters, as many as 15 U.S. and South Vietnamese pilots have been plucked from Red-infested jungles in Viet Nam and Laos and from waters off the coast; the exact figure is classified. In the series of raids against North Viet Nam since last Feb. 7, the efficient rescuers have racked up an enviable batting average—out of ten pilots shot down, seven have been saved.

The operation calls for extraordinary precision and coordination, often involves Army and Air Force helicopters from as far off as Thailand, Air Force escorts from all over South Viet Nam, Navy fighters from carriers in the South China Sea.

In last week's renewed aerial action, a Huskie helicopter was whirring over the Gulf of Tonkin in search of Cullen when Vietnamese 1st Lieut. Nguyen Van Phu, who ditched his flaming Skyraider near the spot where the U.S. pilot went down, fired a smoke signal to attract its attention. The Huskie, flying out of Danang, dropped to within 3 ft. of the pitching wave crests, plucked the wounded pilot out of the water and started back toward South Viet Nam.

On the way, it joined another Huskie and an escort of American fighters that had picked up yet another urgent distress call—from a U.S. captain whose Thunderchief jet was shot down over the tangled jungle near Quangkhe. Sighting a signal fire that the captain had resourcefully lighted on the bank of a stream, one Huskie descended to 100 ft., hauled the captain into the chopper with a steel cable and winch. As he scrambled gratefully aboard, the rescued pilot cried to the crew, "I love you, I love you."

Good Haul. The other U.S. pilots were picked up in equally daring operations. An Air Force helicopter based at Nakhon Phanom in northeast Thailand zipped over to Tchepone, a Laotian town overrun by Pathet Lao and Viet Minh regulars, picked up the pilot of a downed U.S. Thunderchief from the jungle. In a night operation inside North Viet Nam, another hovering helicopter used electronic strobe lights and flares to find a U.S. pilot in the jungle and rescue him.

Of the six pilots downed during the week's raids, the only one still missing at week's end was 1st Lieut. Hayden J. Lockhart Jr., who was seen parachuting into the southwest corner of North Viet Nam after his Super Sabre was hit by ground fire. U.S. reconnaissance jets flew over the area daily, taking photographs and listening for radio signals, while rescue choppers made risky low-level runs. On several occasions, the choppers drew fire from Viet Minh patrols in the area—an indication that the Communists too might be looking for Lieut. Lockhart.

AP

RESCUED PILOT CULLEN & COMRADES AT DANANG AIR BASE
With wet bellies and strobe lights.

Games, but Grim

The first U.S. Marines to land on the shores of Lancelot are met by cheering natives. Lancelot's sovereignty is imperiled by guerrilla bands that have infiltrated from the neighboring country of Merlin, and the U.S. has sent the Marines to the rescue. The natives throng around their American saviors, tug at the Marines' packs, playfully grab their

U.S. MARINE CORPS

GENERAL HURST

FRIENDLY "LANCELOTIANS" CHEERING U.S. AMBASSADOR

With pidgin Spanish and spurting bandages, a flexible response off-Broadway.

SHEEDY & LONG

MARINES AS WOMEN VILLAGERS

guns. In their enthusiasm, some of the Lancelotians seize field telephone wire and get it hopelessly snarled; others, trying to help land a truck, succeed only in pushing the vehicle deeper into the surf.

Now the situation really gets ugly. Here come several hundred other Lancelotians marching behind loudspeaker trucks. In their own tongue—a kind of pidgin Spanish—they shout anti-American slogans. They hurl fistfuls of sand in the Marines' faces, threaten them, push them and form human barricades. They are then joined in their hostility by the natives who originally had welcomed the Marines. "Form wedges! Form wedges, goddammit!" cries a harassed Marine sergeant. Finally, the Marines disperse the mob and start pushing inland.

Meanwhile, at the Lancelotian capital of Camelot, Brigadier General E. Hunter Hurst, in charge of the Marine brigade, lands in a helicopter, is met at the airport by the U.S. Ambassador to Lancelot, who quickly briefs the general on the situation while anti-American mobs close in on them. Fortunately, the ambassador and the general make it to a car that whisks them away into town . . .

These scenes were enacted with grim realism last week in the fictional land of Lancelot—actually a segment of the Southern California coast at the Marine Corps' Camp Pendleton. It was all part of Silver Lance, the most massive and elaborate war game staged by the U.S. armed forces in the two decades since World War II.

The exercise, which began Feb. 23 and ends this week, employed an armada of 60 ships, including three aircraft carriers, 520 Marine and Navy planes and helicopters, 3,200 motor vehicles, 66 tanks, 96 artillery pieces, 20,000 sailors and 25,000 marines, among whom were 5,000 playing the part of Lancelotian natives—men *and* women—and infiltrators from Merlin. There were also such aids to verisimilitude as battle dressings that spurted blood-red fluid so vividly that some strapping young marines paled at the sight and hurriedly departed from the scene.

Outrageous Demands. Silver Lance is the creation of Marine Lieut. General Victor H. Krulak, 52, a toughened specialist in guerrilla and counter-insurgency warfare. Krulak and his staff began planning the exercises in September, finished with a four-inch-thick "script" that covered the histories of the make-believe countries, the developing political situations there, and the events that led to the Lancelotians' request for U.S. military aid. Also in the script: 2,000 "incidents," or problems, with which Krulak wanted his people encumbered, such as the pesky natives on the beach, a Lancelotian request for school textbooks, a native woman who wanted the Marines to arrange a baptism, scores of requests for food and medical aid, and a village chieftain who refused to deal with anyone less than the U.S. commander himself. That commander, General Hurst, had been given little notion beforehand of the devilish difficulties that Krulak had set up for him.

When Hurst arrived in Camelot with the U.S. ambassador (played by 37-year-old Palo Alto Attorney Paul McCloskey Jr., a Marine reserve major), he was confronted by the local mayor, the regional governor, various American assistance officers, and Lancelot's army chief of staff, all of whom peppered the general with outrageous demands and entreaties. It was up to Hurst to field each demand, each new problem, and he played his part well, as General Krulak observed from a corner of the room.

Landing Party. Hurst had his hands full, and not the tiniest of his troubles was the demanding U.S. ambassador, who wanted more security for American citizens in Lancelot, insisted that the military negotiate with landowners for the use of any appropriated property, complained that a Marine vehicle had run over a native and that no doctor had been summoned. To top it off, the ambassador was sore as blazes because some petroleum facilities owned by an American who happened to be a personal friend of the President of the U.S. had been sabotaged by marauding guerrillas.

Even though he knew it was a war game, Hurst nearly lost his temper. "Frankly," he said with sincere asperity, "it's tried our patience. The fundamental problem with the ambassador has been a lack of mutual understanding. He doesn't understand the military problem."

All the while, Lancelot's tenuous military situation was worsening. Guerrillas streamed into Lancelot, set up clandestine radios, pounded out propaganda, attacked and captured whole villages. Before the week was out, the U.S. ambassador himself was dramatically captured by enemy forces, and it looked as though the Marines would have to send a surreptitious landing party from an offshore submarine to effect a rescue.

Last week the whole affair came to a climax with an all-out invasion by an expeditionary force of 20,000 Marines. When the mopping-up is completed, referees will analyze their observations and tell General Krulak who won the game. Presumably, Lancelot will be saved, and the evil menace of Merlin whipped.

THE PRESIDENCY

Also Brains, Trains & Clowns

For all his concern with Viet Nam, President Johnson had plenty of time for politics and pet projects at home.

His preoccupation with education continued. Addressing 40 high school student-winners of a Westinghouse Foundation science contest, he proudly announced that Daughter Luci had been admitted to Georgetown University School of Nursing, quoted her as saying: "Daddy, there is just nothing more 'in' than brains." Later the same day, he delivered a rousing sermon before some 200 delegates to a National Education Association conference.

"You can sit in your rocking chair," he said. "But I am going to use every rostrum to tell the people that we can no longer afford the great waste that comes from the neglect of a single child." He evoked the memory of one of his great-grandfathers, declaring that because of low teacher salaries his ancestor, even though he was the third president of Baylor University, had suffered financial penury, had had to borrow $300 from Sam Houston "at 8% interest."

Bullish on Billions. On his current education program, the President was downright bullish: "Some say that if it's $1.2 billion this year, it will be more next year. Well, it will be." Added he, "We are taking some of that money we have been putting in tanks and bombs and putting it in minds, stomachs and hearts."

Johnson warned his audience to beware of Republican diversionary strategy. "When I was a boy, the folks that molded the opinion kept us debating whether we were wet or dry, Prohibition or anti-Prohibition." Today, Johnson declared, speaking figuratively, his opponents "are going to try to bring up the old wet and dry fight, or some other old fight that will prejudice you. But the time has come when we no longer listen to those who oppose for opposition's sake."

Last week the President also:

▶ Called, in his annual manpower message, for a 4¾% yearly rise in the gross national product through 1970 (a rate equal to 1964's vigorous performance), to help bring down unemployment.

▶ Asked Congress for $20 million in the 1965-66 fiscal year, with which to start research and development on Johnson's dream of a revolutionary ground-transport system, including high-speed electric trains between Washington, New York and Boston.

▶ Swore in an old friend, Tennessee's former Governor Buford Ellington, 57, as director of the Office of Emergency Planning. Ellington had already been sworn in once, but Johnson decided that his first oath taking had been insufficiently publicized, ordered another ceremony.

AP

LADY BIRD & FRIENDS AT CIRCUS
Across town, the Social Security Chorus.

The President announced that Ellington would also act as a liaison with state Governors, and that all 50 Governors will be invited to Washington soon for a conference "about the various problems that face us."

▶ Attended the unveiling of a portrait of Connecticut Senator and ex-Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Abraham Ribicoff, which will hang in HEW headquarters. Following a rendition by the Social Security Chorus, a volunteer choir composed of about 40 employees of the Social Security Administration's office near Baltimore, Johnson made a little talk, wisecracking: "I was told that they were going to hang a U.S. Senator."

▶ Visited the Smithsonian Institution to commemorate the 34th anniversary of the designation of *The Star-Spangled Banner* as the U.S. national anthem. Standing before the flag that flew over Fort McHenry, Johnson declared: "A number of Americans have complained that *The Star-Spangled Banner* is not the easiest song to sing. I must admit that I have had a little trouble with a few parts of it myself. But the sentiments attached to that sturdy old song are overwhelming for all of us."

▶ Stayed home while Lady Bird joined 6,000 Washington-area poor kids at a performance of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, where she sat between a little Negro girl and a little white girl, matched wits—and laugh lines—with a clown.

Help for the Cities

In his Great Society speech at the University of Michigan last May, President Johnson stressed the problems of U.S. cities, said that "it is harder and harder to live the good life of American cities today," warned that "our society will never be great until our cities are great." Last week the President set forth his plans for reviving the cities in a special message to Congress.

"The problems of the city are problems of housing and education," Johnson wrote. "They involve increasing employment and ending poverty. They call for beauty and nature, recreation, and an end to racial discrimination. They are, in large measure, the problems of American society itself."

By 2000 A.D. Outlining the task ahead, Johnson said that "in the remainder of this century, in less than 40 years, urban population will double, city land will double, and we will have to build in our cities as much as all that we have built since the first colonist arrived on these shores. It is as if we had 40 years to rebuild the entire urban U.S." Compounding the burden, he explained, is the present distressed state of U.S. cities: over 5,000,000 run-down or deteriorating homes, pockets of decay in the heart of most cities, and suburban crawl creeping into the countryside at a rate of 1,000,000 acres a year.

Johnson proposed a Cabinet-level Department of Housing and Urban Development, which would serve as "a focal point for thought and innovation and imagination about the problems of our cities." The new department would absorb the present Housing and Home Finance Agency, help cities draw up metropolitan-area plans for orderly growth, train local planners, administer federal grants to states and cities for planning studies, and support research into new building techniques to reduce overall construction costs.

President Kennedy proposed a similar department in 1961 but announced that he would name a Negro to head it; he thereby antagonized many members of Congress, and the House voted the plan down. President Johnson may very well appoint a Negro—Federal Housing Administrator Robert C. Weaver—but he is not particularly advertising the fact, and Congress seems certain to approve the plan.

$750 Million by 1968. To bring order to the crazy quilt of building codes, zoning restrictions and tax policies that have long made the U.S. housing industry a nightmare, Johnson suggested a com-

mission to consider uniform standards. He urged matching federal grants for the construction of city water and sewerage systems, direct financial aid for cities trying to acquire land for future development, special grants to cities for landscaping, tree planting, park improvement "and other measures to bring beauty and nature to the city dweller." He also asked for continuation of the public-housing program, at the rate of 35,000 new units a year, and an increase in the federal outlay for urban renewal to $750 million annually by 1968, with an accompanying shift in emphasis from business and industrial districts to residential neighborhoods.

Much of the President's message was devoted to housing for low-income (up to $3,000) families. He sought authority to use urban-renewal and public-housing funds to rehabilitate existing housing, which would then be made available to such families. He also requested permission to use urban-renewal funds to help low-income homeowners repair their homes.

$8,000 a Year. By far the most controversial part of the President's program was a plan to provide direct subsidies, for rent or mortgage payments, for some 500,000 city families with incomes as high as $8,000 a year. Initially, the aid would be limited to families displaced by Government projects such as urban renewal and highway construction, to those presently in substandard housing, to the impoverished elderly, and to displaced or ill-housed families capable of increasing their income in the future. In general, the formula would call for such families to pay 20% of their income for housing—and the Government would make up any necessary difference. Critics might wonder if an $8,000-a-year family really ought to be on a dole, but the President insisted that this section might "prove the most effective instrument of our new housing policy."

In all, the Johnson program would call for expenditure and loans of some $6 billion over the next four years.

THE CONGRESS

Bill's *Baedeker*

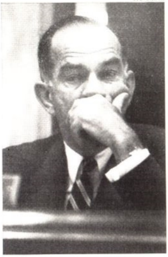
Arkansas Democrat James William Fulbright is a professional man of the world. Chairman of the great Senate Foreign Relations Committee, he is widely traveled, points with vast pride to the Oxford degree that he won as a Rhodes scholar, is father of the scholarship plan that bears his name and has enabled 24,000 Americans to widen their horizons in studies abroad.

It was, therefore, all the more astonishing that Fulbright last week came up with a gratuitous pronouncement more to be expected of an Arkansas "hawg caller" than of a responsible and influential student of world affairs. In a lengthy Senate speech discussing foreign aid, he got to talking about the U.S. balance-of-payments problem, suggested that U.S. tourists could help by touring at home instead of abroad.

"It does seem to me," he said, "that the American people could bring themselves to travel within the United States and spare themselves the sophisticated debauchery and artistic pocket picking of Paris, at least for a year or so. Is the patriotism and enlightened self-interest of our people so superficial that they cannot, just this year, go to Las Vegas instead of Monte Carlo, or New Orleans instead of Paris, or Colorado instead of Switzerland, or California and Florida rather than Cairo? They will find they can do it for half the price, without insults or shakedowns, and perform a real service to this country."

Paris journalists of course had a field day with Fulbright's reference to

JIM MAHAN



FOREIGN RELATIONS CHAIRMAN FULBRIGHT
More like an Arkansas hawg caller.

debauchery and pocket picking. Said the Paris-Presse: "We poor Parisians know only the ordinary side of these two activities—prostitution and stealing. We were beginning to get a little bored with it all, and we're thinking of taking a little trip to the U.S.A. At Las Vegas, taking someone to the cleaners has become a work of art. They even take your pants when there's nothing else around. New Orleans seems to be the best place to hunt for sophisticated pleasure, and we'd like to have a taste. But now the Senator comes and upsets our plans for a trip by saying we can find the same fun in Paris. French tourists: don't leave your country—the good Senator is going to send us some addresses."

Added Paris-Jour: "The stupid Frenchman who says 'Don't go to the United States because Chicago is a gangster city, or to Dallas, the city of the rifle with the telescopic sight, or to Las Vegas, racket capital,' doesn't find a very big audience. Let's hope that Mr. Fulbright won't find any bigger one in America."

Aid to Appalachia

Without changing a comma, the House of Representatives last week passed the Administration's aid-to-Appalachia bill and sent it to President Johnson to be signed into the Great Society. The bill provides for $1.1 billion, mostly for highway construction, in the eleven Appalachian states.

The final House vote was 257 to 165, but not even that lopsided tally was the true measure of the Democratic victory—or the Republican defeat. The new G.O.P. floor leader, Michigan's Gerald Ford, seeking to create a more positive party image, has announced a policy of "constructive alternatives" to all major Administration programs.

In last week's instance, the Republican alternative offered $995 million not just to Appalachia but to all 50 states. That was defeated 152 to 65, which was demoralizing enough. Even more humiliating was the outcome of a Republican move to recommit the bill with instructions to substitute the G.O.P. plan. Of 136 Republicans voting on the motion, 44 opposed it—an astonishing defection rate of 33%. At the same time, the G.O.P. effort wrought a rare show of Democratic unity, with only eight out of 287 defecting.

Last week Congress also:

▶ Approved, in the House Education and Labor Committee by a vote of 23 to 8, the Administration's $1.3 billion school-aid bill, which would provide federal grants of $1.06 billion for public elementary and secondary schools and $200 million for books and educational centers that would be used by public and private (including parochial) students alike. A Senate version of the bill is still in committee.

▶ Upheld, in the Senate Rules Committee, the present filibuster rule, which requires the votes of two-thirds of the Senators present and voting to cut off debate. Among the changes unsuccessfully proposed by Senate liberals: reducing the number of Senators needed to invoke cloture to three-fifths of those present and voting.

▶ Received, from the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, a report on organized crime and illicit drug traffic in the U.S. It urged that Congress consider legalizing wiretapping, make it a crime to belong to organizations such as the Mafia, set up a national crime commission to investigate crime and act as a clearinghouse for crime-fighting intelligence.

What Burned Bobby

Blazing mad, New York's freshman Democratic Senator Bobby Kennedy demanded a hearing before his colleagues. Cried he to a judiciary subcommittee investigating invasions of privacy by federal agencies: "There was an implication across the country that I had acted improperly, and I resent it."

What burned Bobby was a charge

that as Attorney General he had tried to plant in LIFE magazine a derogatory story about Teamster President Jimmy Hoffa at a time when Hoffa was under federal indictment for mail fraud.

The Memo. The charge came about in a curious way. The committee was taking testimony about how the U.S. Post Office Department two years ago put a watch on the mail of an old Kennedy foe, New York Attorney Roy Cohn, then under federal indictment for perjury (he was later acquitted). A Cohn lawyer told the committee that in connection with that case he had subpoenaed the LIFE file on a 1963 story about Cohn. Somehow, in the midst of that file was a confidential memo written by LIFE's then Washington bureau chief, reporting that he had received a call from Attorney General Kennedy, who offered to put him in touch with one Sam Baron, a disgruntled Teamster official who wanted to write an exposé about Hoffa.

In his appearance before the committee, Bobby explained that Baron "was in fear of his life. He felt that if anything happened to him, if he was killed, he wanted to make sure his story was told. He asked me to put him in touch with somebody who would relate what he had undergone as a Teamster official. I made that arrangement. I did nothing else. Nothing, in fact, was ever published until Mr. Baron was physically beaten by Mr. Hoffa." LIFE Editor Edward K. Thompson concurred. Said he: "Senator Kennedy's statement on this matter is basically correct."

But Committee Chairman Edward V. Long of Missouri was unimpressed. "Do I understand," Long asked Kennedy, "that you take the position that it is proper for a representative of the Justice Department, or the head of that department, to arrange for Mr. Baron to make contact with newspapers or magazines?" Replied Bobby: "That is not what was done, now, Mr. Chairman. There was a connection between Mr. Baron and LIFE magazine over which I had no control."

KENNEDY TESTIFYING
It had to be spelled out.

A What? Committee Counsel Bernard Fensterwald Jr. tried to clarify matters. "This was an arrangement," he said, "whereby, I understand it, you were putting what would normally be described as a 'fink' in touch with TIME-LIFE to write a magazine article?"

Kennedy: Normally described as what?

Fensterwald: Fink, F-I-N-K.

Kennedy: I never heard that.

Fensterwald: A stool pigeon. Does that word strike a chord?

Kennedy: I thought Baron was a citizen who was reporting information and evidence in connection with illegal activities. Let me say I am shocked to hear that. I think there have been a lot of loyal people that provided information to the U.S. Government in connection with Communist activities, underworld activities, narcotics activities, at great risk to their own lives.

As for Sam Baron himself, he is now a public relations man in Montreal, and he obviously agreed with Bobby's view. At week's end he said that it was he who had suggested an article for LIFE to the Attorney General. "My decision to go to the then Attorney General was based on the belief that I had an important duty to my country."

INVESTIGATIONS

The "FBI Report"

Last Dec. 1, in closed hearings held by the Senate Rules Committee investigating the Bobby Baker case, Maryland Insurance Agent Don B. Reynolds leveled a barrage of charges against Democrats in high office, testified to parties where "beauties and whisky and money flowed freely." Only last week was the substance of Reynolds' testimony made public—along with the release of a 30-page document rebutting Reynolds' charges, one by one, which the Rules Committee chairman, North Carolina's Democratic Senator B. Everett Jordan, pretentiously called "the FBI report."

Among the charges and rebuttals:

▶ Reynolds said that Bobby Baker had told him that "the leader"—meaning then Vice President Lyndon Johnson—had "interceded" to make sure that the controversial $10 billion TFX fighter-bomber contract was awarded to General Dynamics Corp. The so-called FBI report quoted Defense Secretary Robert McNamara as saying that any claim of official pressure brought to bear about the TFX contract was "definitely and categorically" wrong.

▶ Reynolds said that a Grumman Aircraft official, anxious to land a fat TFX subcontract, visited Baker's Capitol office, left behind a bulging blue flight bag containing $100,000 in "hundred dollar bills that were bound in brown

"WELL, THAT JUST ABOUT WRAPS IT UP"
They hoped it was over.

paper or some sort of thing." The report quoted the Grumman official as saying that he had never been in Baker's office and had never paid Bobby so much as a penny "for any purpose whatsoever."

▶ Reynolds said that in 1949 Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, then a Democratic Representative, while on a European junket used counterpart funds—local funds accumulated by the U.S. abroad and often used to meet official Government expenses—to buy "many articles," including a statue called *Dawn*. The report quoted Mansfield as saying that if he had indeed spent counterpart funds, it was only for such legitimate expenses as hotel bills, and that his wife had bought the controversial statue with $110 of "her own personal funds."

▶ Reynolds said that in 1961 Vice President Johnson, while in Hong Kong, spent 150,000 Hong Kong dollars in counterpart funds "in a period of 14 hours in buying personal gifts for people." The report says that at the time Johnson was there, the counterpart fund was down to 37,642 Hong Kong dollars.

The Rules Committee's six-man Democratic majority promptly seized upon the report to try to bring an end to the Baker investigation. "I think it's over," said Chairman Jordan, explaining that the report "makes it obvious beyond a doubt that the testimony of Don B. Reynolds is unworthy of belief."

But did it? In fact, the report was not written by the FBI at all, but rather by a team of Justice Department functionaries who boiled down hundreds of pages of raw FBI interviews. Unlike Reynolds, none of the persons interviewed by the FBI were under oath. The only part of Reynolds' testimony that has at any time been tested by a sworn statement from an

adversary witness turned out to be true: that was Reynolds' claim that he had purchased advertising time on a Johnson-owned Austin TV station in return for selling insurance on Johnson's life. The claim was recently corroborated in substance by former White House Aide Walter Jenkins.

LABOR

That's an Election?

The United Steelworkers of America, a bellwether of U.S. unionism and an organization with a powerful effect on the nation's economy, is not, it appears, even competent to hold an election for president. Nearly a month has passed since balloting in the contest between Incumbent David J. McDonald, 62, and Challenger I. W. Abel, 56, the union's longtime secretary-treasurer. There is still no clear winner—only cries of fraud and vote theft. More than 100 of the Steelworkers' 3,203 locals reported more votes cast in the election than there were members listed on the union's official membership rolls. No fewer than 150 protests of voting violations have been filed so far by union members.

Last week, from the union's Pittsburgh headquarters, came word that the unofficial count of the vote was complete. It showed that Abel led McDonald by some 6,228 votes out of some 620,000 cast. But that didn't mean it was all over—not by a long shot. Under the Steelworkers' constitution, a local's entire vote is thrown out if fraud is discovered. And voting-violation charges must be heard before the election results are certified.

To complicate matters, both men claimed victory. Abel said that he was "sure" he had won the election. McDonald, who has been president since 1953, said that "a majority of the votes actually cast" were his. About all that was certain was that it would be weeks before an official winner was declared—and that his certification and title would be clouded.

UPI

STEELWORKERS' ABEL
Some vote, some count, some result.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Eulogy for a Woodchopper

Jimmie Lee Jackson was a $6-a-day Negro woodcutter who lived with his mother, his sister and his grandfather on a patch of red-clay soil outside Marion, Ala. One night last month Jackson, 26, joined a Negro demonstration in Marion. When cops began breaking it up, he and some other Negroes sought refuge in a café. State police went in after them. In the melee Jackson was shot in the stomach, and died eight days later.

Last week Jimmie Jackson was eulogized by civil rights leaders as another martyr to the cause. At the first of two crowded funeral services, 1,000 Negroes jammed into a church in nearby Selma, site of Martin Luther King's voter-registration drive, and heard King's aide, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, declare: "Jimmie Jackson has taken his rightful place alongside such men as Crispus Attucks [a Negro shot to death by redcoats in the Boston Massacre], Abraham Lincoln, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, John Brown, Medgar Evers . . ."

Then the coffin was paraded to the drab Zion Methodist Church in Marion, where King offered the dubious consolation: "There is an amazing democracy about death." Cried King: "Farewell, Jimmie! You died that all of us could vote, and we are going to vote." King also pushed his Selma registration drive through its seventh grinding week. In pouring rain, he led 350 Negroes to the courthouse, where Sheriff Jim Clark was, as usual, standing resolutely in the way.

King appealed to Clark "in the name of humanity" to let the applicants enter and get out of the rain. Said Clark: "There isn't room. It would interfere with orderly procedures. In the name of common sense, they will have to stay out." Though the sheriff did read off the numbers of Negro applicants whose turns before the voting registrars had come up, he turned back many, alleging that they had appeared too late. But others got through, and at day's end a record 200 applications had been received.

ORGANIZATIONS

How Sick Is NATO?

How sick is NATO? Last week at a three-day conference of the Institute of the Cleveland Council on World Affairs, the Atlantic Alliance was the patient and received a thoroughgoing examination by a team of international statesmen.

Most alarming in his diagnosis was the U.S.'s Henry Cabot Lodge, ex-Ambassador to the U.N. and Viet Nam, who pronounced the alliance "in real danger," pointedly denounced "unrealistic nationalism"—meaning Charles de Gaulle's France, which had declined to send a representative to the session.

TONY TOMSIC

SPEAKER LODGE AT INSTITUTE
Sometime, somehow, somewhere.

But all speakers agreed that the issues go deeper than De Gaulle.

Said Canada's External Affairs Minister Paul Martin: "The world of 1965 is not the world of 1949. There has been the resurgence of strength in Western Europe." The British Labor government's former Foreign Secretary, Patrick Gordon Walker, protested "high-pressure methods used to sell American arms in competition with us," called for "ways of cooperation rather than ruthless competition."

Martin put his finger on the main dilemma—how many fingers, and whose, should be on the West's nuclear triggers? He urged "a greater sharing in nuclear strategy without further proliferation of control." But U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk gave not the slightest hint that Washington is yet prepared to give up final say-so over its nuclear powerhouse. Instead, Rusk referred once more to U.S. suggestions for a multilateral nuclear fleet—over which Washington would have ultimate control.

For all the West's unresolved problems, there was an undercurrent of confidence. Britain's Gordon Walker pointed out that the divided Communists "are in much worse shape. The split is more fundamental." Lodge suggested that the other Atlantic partners, despite De Gaulle, set about creating a grander alliance, in the hope that France would come in later. "There is today no organized grouping, on a worldwide scale, of the free peoples," Lodge lamented. "The great tragedy of our age is the inability of free men to create one well-rounded and essentially spiritual view of life by harnessing toward common goals their talents. Sometime, somehow, somewhere, power and responsibility must meet." He endorsed suggestions for the creation of a blue-ribbon "committee" representing the U.S., the United Kingdom and the Common Market to lay the groundwork for "true free-world development."

THE WORLD

RUSSIA

Down with the Cossacks!

Moscow demonstrations are generally about as spontaneous as TV commercials. Even when they are directed against the U.S. embassy, they usually lack panache. The crowd gathers at the appointed time and place, marches in orderly columns along Tchaikovsky Avenue, waves its banners, shouts its slogans, hurls a few rocks, and then, on signal from the police, disbands and goes quietly home.

But not last week. Down the wide, snowy boulevard poured thousands of students singing the *Internationale* and screaming curses of protest against the U.S. air raids on North Viet Nam. Tipped off in advance, the embassy had called on the authorities for protection. As a result, 600 police were on the scene. But the cops did little to stop the mob from bursting through the cordon, vaulting a metal barrier, and scrambling over an improvised rampart of 30 snowplows.

Human Wall. The police also stood passively by while the students—mostly Chinese and North Vietnamese from Patrice Lumumba University—littered the embassy sidewalk with their placards (one portrayed a bomb-wielding Lyndon Johnson with a Hitler mustache), defaced the Seal of the United States beside the door, and hurled ink bottles at the façade with slingshots, breaking windows as high as the eighth floor of the ten-story building.

Mounted police moved in to signal that the demonstration was over. They were astride dapple-grey horses, the same stalwart breed that the Cossacks had used to run down street mobs with nagaika and saber in czarist days. Suddenly the scene dissolved into chaos, and photos taken by Western journalists provided a dramatic record of the astounding proceedings. This was, after all, the first time since June 1918 that a Moscow riot had to be put down by force. The cops let fly with whip and truncheon. Screaming "Fascists!" at the militia, the mob fought back with rocks, bricks and clubs. Slingshots sent missiles whizzing at mounted police, and fists struck out at militiamen on foot.

With the police clearly unable to cope, 500 troops of the Moscow garrison advanced like a human wall. In the scuffling a Chinese reeled with a head wound, one Vietnamese was carried off in an ambulance, and seven students were seized and arrested.

Red Ink. The street was cleared, but not for long. In a short while, the students marched back. They made no effort to break through the new cordon of soldiers and police, but a student leader announced over a megaphone that they would not leave until the prisoners were released. When the police finally relented, the crowd dispersed.

The embassy damage was considerable, with fully 310 windows shattered and the grey façade streaked with red, blue and black ink. U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler sent an angry note, charging that police protection had been "grossly inadequate." The protest was accepted by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, who sent workers to repair the damage.

There was only joy in Peking. Red Chinese newspapers covered the riot more fully than any other Russian story in a long time. Eyewitness reports described how the Soviet cops battered the students "with their fists and truncheons" so that "many were injured, quite a few of them seriously." Naturally, the heroes of the day were the valiant Chinese undergraduates. It was just the chance that students back home in Red China had been waiting for. Marching over to Peking's Soviet embassy, several hundred massed in front of the building in silent protest at the manhandling of their colleagues in Moscow.

INDONESIA

How to Riot Tactfully

"Do not throw bricks at property or people. Do not cause damage," lectured Indonesia's President Sukarno to a group of university students. It seemed a strange note to strike, in view of the fact that four times in the past three months Sukarno had permitted Indonesian mobs to storm USIS offices in Djakarta, Surabaya and Medan, smashing windows, ripping down American flags, burning thousands of books.

But sure enough, the latest mob of 500 Moslem students that roared up to U.S. Ambassador Howard Jones's residence last week in government trucks had not a brick in hand. Instead, the mobsters simply pushed through the gates into the compound and trampled the garden, then roamed through the official residence itself.

Bricks or no bricks, Washington had enough. The U.S. announced that it was closing down all five of its USIS libraries in Indonesia, noting that it was the first time in its twelve years of operation in some 100 nations around the world that a local government's hostility had forced a withdrawal.

ASIAN RIOTER TAKES AIM

UPI

MILITIAMAN WARDS OFF BLOW

SOVIET SOLDIERS MASS TO CHARGE

Fascists! Fascists! And the slingshots whizzed at windows.

PAKISTAN

Search for a Mantle

When Pakistan's President Mohammed Ayub Khan plays with fire, the smoke is usually intended to choke his Indian enemies. Last week there was plenty of smoke drifting downwind toward India—all of it emanating from Peking, where Ayub was visiting with his new-found Chinese Communist friends. Smoke spewed from the mouths of saluting cannon as Ayub's jetliner swept into Peking escorted by eight Chinese fighters. Smoke wisped from the tops of eight huge scarlet-silk lanterns mounted in Tien An Men Square, the "Gate of Heavenly Peace" that leads into Peking's Forbidden City, while thousands beat gongs and drums in welcome. And little plumes of smoke must have risen from under the collars of Ayub's SEATO and CENTO allies as they read reports of the talks that followed.

A Shared Dislike. At a banquet thrown by Chinese President Liu Shao-chi, Ayub announced his intention to serve as "honest broker" between Washington and Peking in search of a negotiated settlement in Viet Nam—despite the fact that neither China nor the U.S. has shown much interest yet in such a settlement. In private talks with Premier Chou En-lai and Foreign Minister Marshal Chen Yi,* Ayub sought to promote further trade and, more important, nail down an interest-free, $60 million loan, promised late last year to encourage Pakistani purchases of Chinese cement, textiles and machinery.

Ayub's friendship with Peking dates from 1962, when China began chewing up India's Himalayan border. As the U.S., Britain and even Soviet Russia began rushing arms to his Indian enemies, Ayub decided that only Red China shared his dislike for India. Within six months, Ayub had signed a trade pact with China, a border agreement that threw Chinese support behind Pakistan's demands for disputed Kashmir, and a contract that established joint airline service between Karachi, Dacca, Canton and Shanghai. With that, the U.S. withheld a $4,300,000 loan for an airport at Dacca, arguing that it was hardly prepared to serve Communist Chinese air travelers. But overall U.S. aid to Pakistan continued at nearly $400 million a year.

Honest Broker. Ayub stoutly maintains that his cozying up to Red China will not damage U.S. interests in Asia. "For your sakes we stuck our necks out on every bloody occasion," the Sandhurst-trained ex-soldier told recent American visitors. "You can say we damned well had to because you were giving us aid. But our security is important too. Merely because you are not on friendly terms with China, you expect all your friends to do likewise."

Ayub would like nothing better than to pick up the mantle of leadership in nonaligned Asia, which has been unclaimed since India's Jawaharlal Nehru died. His Peking visit—in addition to gaining further Chinese support against India—was aimed at building that image. And in the next few weeks, the would-be "honest broker" hopes to boost it further: on the Ayub agenda are trips to Moscow and Washington.

* Who arrived at one session with the Pakistanis carrying a copy of TIME's Feb. 26 issue with his portrait on the cover.

U.S. AMBASSADOR KOHLER

SOUTH VIET NAM

A Matter of Time?

As U.S. air strikes to the North mounted in fury last week, the Viet Cong were moving closer and closer to control of the whole top third of South Viet Nam. An atmosphere of siege prevailed in Hué, South Viet Nam's third largest city, where the population dared not leave the city limits. From Quinhon to the 17th parallel, the countryside swarmed with cocky Viet Cong units—some operating in battalion and regiment strength, many now openly wearing olive-drab uniforms and fatigue hats rather than the civilian-style black "pajamas" that once gave them military invisibility.

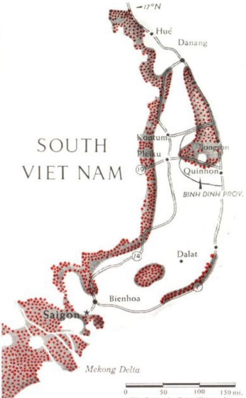
Within the past month, hard-core Viet Cong battalions have captured 70 of the 82 government-defended hamlets

RIOTERS IN FRONT OF U.S. EMBASSY

MOSCOW MOUNTIES COUNTERATTACK

STUDENT SLUGGING COP

All right, students, the riot's over. Students? Students!



TIME Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

in Hoai Nhon district. Hoai Nhon (pronounced why none) is the strategic key to control of Binh Dinh province. And if Binh Dinh, with its highways, harbors and airbases, falls, South Viet Nam is effectively decapitated.

Frustrated & Fatalistic. In this game of dominoes, the key piece was a tiny hamlet named Bongson—which in Vietnamese means "paradise." To its garrison of South Vietnamese defenders it appears more like a death trap. Hemmed in on one side by mountains, on the other by the sea, Bongson focuses a railroad, a river and the north-south coast highway, Route 1, into a single, strategic target. Last week Viet Cong campfires cast a brazen glow on the hills outside of town, while in Bongson's main fort—rimmed with barbed wire and booby traps—soldiers and civil guards had grown so accustomed to attacks that they did not even stop eating when Communist snipers began firing. To them it appeared only a matter of time before they would be wiped out.

Attempts by government troops to reopen Route 1 between Bongson and the next province to the north are repulsed with an ease that borders on flippancy. A nine-day push by two battalions of South Vietnamese marines cleared a bare seven miles at the cost of six dead (including one U.S. adviser)—after which the hard-won stretch of roadway was abandoned for lack of artillery support. Frustrated and fatalistic, Saigon finally began contemplating sending a full marine brigade into Bongson—but no one knew if even that many troops could hold it.

Target: Elephants. The steady Communist pressure in the Bongson area was beginning to be felt at Danang—only 120 miles to the north, and the site of the airbase from which most of the U.S. air strikes into North Viet Nam are mounted. At week's end, Viet Cong main-force units attacked in strength just 40 miles southwest of Danang, pinning down three battalions of South Vietnamese and killing a regimental commander. He and five aides were found burned to death in an ambushed armored personnel carrier.

Danang, with its airfield, deep-water port facilities and 100,000 population, its U.S. and Vietnamese attack bombers, assault helicopters and transports, is a prime target. The three Hawk antiaircraft batteries clustered at Danang since February, with their 36 antiaircraft missiles, add to the target potential of the Danang aviary. From their own strongholds on Monkey Mountain, just west of the base, the Viet Cong are in a good position to clip the claws of those raptors.

Danang's 25-mile perimeter is patrolled by the so-called "Special Sector," made up of Vietnamese Rangers and U.S. Special Forces, which on two occasions in the past month has surprised Viet Cong units within mortar range of the airstrip. Last week one flustered patrol reported "enemy" activity, and Danang's artillery opened up—on a herd of 15 wild elephants.

The Doom Club. Danang itself is ominously quiet. The white sand beaches on Tourane Bay are deserted; pedicabs and taxis have given way to Jeeps and deuce-and-a-half trucks. Danang's populace doesn't bother to look up at the Skyraiders and jets bellowing off the runways en route to another strike north. Military men stick to their posts. Bars and brothels go dead at night, leaving girls to play cards and dance with each other; little children with wild eyes pick one another's pockets. Even in the "Doom Club," a hangout for U.S. officers, there is no singing. The busiest spot in town is a shop that sells lucky charms to G.I.s. Its slogan: "No V.D., No V.C., Buy from Kim Chi."

The main topic of conversation in Danang last week was the impending arrival of two battalions of U.S. marines to help defend the airbase perimeter. But with the stepped-up Viet Cong offensives throughout the country, especially around Bongson and Danang, even they may not be enough to keep the strategically vital northern third of the country from falling to Communist arms. The U.S. air strikes to the North—no longer tit-for-tat but now steady, measured assaults on Viet Cong supply lines—must be backed up by success on the ground within South Viet Nam if Washington's policy is to succeed. After all, hitting the North loses its meaning if the South falls.

INDIA

Red Upset

In the volatile southern state of Kerala, the ruling Congress Party of mild-mannered Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri last week faced its first electoral test since he took office last June. The party had reason to fear the result since India has for months been racked by a succession of woes, ranging from food shortages and floods to corruption and the bloody riots occasioned by the attempt to impose Hindi as the national language.

Kerala was an especially difficult testing ground. The Malayalam-speaking inhabitants had attacked post offices and disrupted rail services over the Hindi question. Though the most Christian state in India and the one with the highest literacy rate, Kerala is desperately poor and has a radical tradition. Back in 1957 the Communists captured the state government, ruling for 27 chaotic months until removed from office by a presidential decree.

As the ballots were counted last week, the fears proved justified. With 133 seats at stake, the pro-Peking Communists captured 58 to the Congress Party's 36. A dissident group called the Kerala Congress Party came third with 25, while the pro-Moscow Communists were badly beaten, taking only three of the 78 seats they contested.

As the results came in, Shastri summoned a midnight Cabinet meeting and it seemed likely that the pro-Peking Communists would be denied their electoral victory. As it is, 25 of their winning candidates are already in jail, having been imprisoned without trial since last December under an emergency decree issued at the time of Red China's invasion of India's Himalayan border. Shastri may again arrange for an appointed governor to rule Kerala. If he does, Kerala's Red boss, E.M.S. Namboodiripad, has said he will set off statewide demonstrations against the government.

BERLIN

Distractions at the Wall

The border guards on the Communist side of the Berlin Wall could hardly believe their eyes. There, across the barrier in West Berlin, stood a lissome girl methodically taking off her clothes. Military caution was forgotten as the Grepos stared in undisguised glee. Too late did they hear a scuffling noise at an unprotected spot along the Wall 200 yds. away and notice a dim figure dashing from its shadow. One more East German had escaped to the West, and last week a Red officer denounced the stripteaser's distracting "provocation" in the columns of the military weekly Volksarmee.

What's more, the officer raged, West Berlin police were trying to lull their Communist counterparts with an organized campaign of kindness. His com-

plaint was well founded. For weeks West Berlin cops have been under orders to pass out cigarettes, candy and even food to East Berlin guards on the theory that this will lead them to deal less harshly with escapers trying to get to the West.

Results so far are inconclusive, but opportunities for flight will hardly be eased by a new construction program that began at the Wall fortnight ago. As a first stage, East German workers began tearing down the 95-mile barrier —only to replace it eventually with a better and more escape-proof model.

Plans call for the building of a four-obstacle ring made up of a high metal cyclone fence, a 6-ft.-deep ditch, a highway for the exclusive use of Red patrols, and a sanitary strip some 500 yds. wide sprinkled with police watchtowers. Where buildings and trees now stand, pink hollyhocks will grow—not so much to beautify the austere scene as to provide the Communist sharpshooters with a clear line of fire.

THE NETHERLANDS

The Television Crisis

While the U.S. wrestles with Viet Nam, the Kremlin with the troublesome issue of Communist unity around the world, and Malaysia with Indonesian aggression, the Dutch these days are somewhat embarrassed to find themselves in the midst of a government crisis over commercial television. In The Netherlands, no issue is trivial if a principle is involved, and as Amsterdam's Algemeen Handelsblad observed in its best burgher manner, the broadcasting controversy "concerns fundamental rights and principles, and one cannot compromise in those matters."

The fundamental rights have to do with the intricate formula that for 40 years has allocated programming of radio and, more recently, television broadcasts among the five big religious and political groups in Holland: the Catholics, the Conservative Protestants, the Liberal Protestants, and the political Liberal and Labor parties. Ever since he took office 19 months ago, Prime Minister Victor Marijnen has sought a way to admit advertising to The Netherlands' two TV channels. The idea of commercial television sounded fine to most viewers, and Dutch businessmen were becoming increasingly insistent. But some elements within the five big groups rejected every proposed scheme since it would steal air time and disrupt the time-tested formula.

Finally, last month determined advertisers lined up the Liberal members in Marijnen's Cabinet, and brought to a stalemate the issue of whether the new commercial programmers would be independent or be forced to collaborate with the traditional groups. Marijnen threw up his hands, and presented the resignation of his government to Queen Juliana, explaining, "I never knew that television was such a difficult business."

Last week the Queen journeyed from Soestdijk Palace to the little Huis Ten Bosch Palace outside The Hague to consult with the leaders of The Netherlands' fiercely independent factions on how to put together a new government. After interrupting her talks for a visit to the dentist, she finally picked Catholic Parliamentarian Norbert Schmelzer, 43, as her *informateur*—the man who, under Dutch practice, is empowered to look for the man who might be able to form a new Cabinet. Forming Marijnen's own coalition Cabinet in 1963 took 70 days of agonized negotiation in jealously pluralistic little Holland, and the Dutch, who are used to long periods of nongovernment when a principle is at stake, were settling down before their TV screens at week's end for a long and quiet crisis.

ITALY

The Gold of Naples

From the half-moon of its island-dotted bay, the city of Naples climbs up to the hills where the rich nestle in their gardened villas. Lining the stepped streets below, gurgling with underground drains, are the crowded tenements where live a million Neapolitan poor. It is a city that delights the eye as often as it offends the nose. "You may say, narrate, paint what you will, here is more than all of it put together," wrote Goethe. "I pardon all those who have lost their minds in Naples."

Regrettably, visitors often lose more than their minds. A charming but light-fingered people, Neapolitans relieve their guests of everything from cars and clothes to wallets and women. The police labor mightily but in vain. Last week 110 men accused of stealing hundreds of cars languished in jail as they awaited trial. Even in their absence, the theft of cars continues at a brisk thousand a month. One two-car Neapolitan family had its Fiat stolen in the morning, its brand-new Alfa Romeo in the afternoon. A Roman visitor found his car where he had parked it the night before—only the motor was gone.

The Big PX. Much of the redistributed wealth turns up for sale in the Forcella district, a teeming complex of narrow streets known locally as "the Big PX." In Forcella, portable radios sell at half the normal price, and bargain hunters can pick up new and still-crated U.S. washing machines, refrigerators, stoves, dryers, electric razors, and about any brand of cigarettes known to man. Where does it all come from? A shopkeeper explains: "That's why it's so cheap. One shouldn't ask."

Beneath Naples lies a labyrinth of tunnels that mostly end in the port area. They were built centuries ago by nobles and monks who wanted a safe and secret exit in dangerous times. Some 1,000 "tunnel guides" today make their living leading thieves to the right spot at the right time. In 1962, a British freighter en route from Leghorn to West Africa with a cargo of textiles, rugs and Olivetti typewriters sank in a storm off Naples. Insurance company divers said the water was too deep for salvage. The company ordered new divers from West Germany and, meanwhile, threw a police-boat cordon around the sunken ship. When the Germans arrived, they found the freighter stripped clean, presumably by human chains of skindivers working at night. At the same time, the *vicoli* (back alleys) of Naples were ablaze with Oriental rugs hung out to dry and the narrow streets shaded by bolts of damp cloth stretched from window to window. The stalls of Forcella were glutted with wet Olivetti typewriters selling for as little as $12.

Sold Soldier. Neapolitan eyes glisten whenever the citizens recall the happy, happy days of the mid-1940s. An estimated one-third of the millions of tons of U.S. supplies landed at war's end in

ITALY'S NEWS PHOTOS

SCUGNIZZI AT WORK
One of our Liberty ships was missing.

Naples vanished into thin air. It was then that the street-wise Neapolitan children called *scugnizzi* (spinning tops) began their practice of buying and selling American G.I.s. One would pick up a soldier, promise him everything, and lead him into back streets. Another kid might buy the prospect for 300 lire, and he was thus passed from hand to hand until an older *scugnizzo* decided it was time to act. The G.I. was first made *muscio* (dead drunk), and once he had passed out, his clothes were literally sold off his back, beginning with shoes and ending with underwear. That normally covered the cost of purchase, and the contents of the wallet were pure profit. "Those were the days," sighed an old man. "It was one big carnival. Nobody starved in Naples."

Rooted in Neapolitan lore is the tale of the greatest coup of all, said to have taken place in 1944. As the story goes, ten U.S. Liberty ships arrived in the harbor on a Monday, and by Friday there were only nine. Neapolitans say the missing ship was stealthily sailed out of the port and run aground on the coast ten miles to the south. The cargo was removed and the ship dismantled, piece by piece. American naval officers shrug off the story as apocryphal, but, say Neapolitans, how could any government admit it? "When that news swept the city," wrote the late author Curzio Malaparte, "the laughter seemed like an earthquake."

RHODESIA

Independence at 5 O'Clock?

One of the knottiest problems that British Prime Minister Harold Wilson inherited when he took over last October was the matter of Rhodesia, the self-governing colony bordering South Africa. Once part of the Central African Federation—whose two black-ruled regions last year broke away to win separate nationhood—Rhodesia's white supremacist leaders have looked with longing to Verwoerd's *apartheid* state for support, now threaten to declare, unilaterally, their independence from Britain. To try to head them off, Wilson dispatched Commonwealth Relations Secretary Arthur Bottomley in search of common ground between Rhodesia's two varieties of freedom-loving people—the European minority, which wants freedom under white rule, and the overwhelming African majority, which wants it under black.

As Bottomley soon found out, compromise was all but impossible. Prime Minister Ian Smith's harsh tactics have kept the blacks divided—and resentful. At airports and on the streets, Bottomley was cheered by crowds of Africans waving banners and homemade signs with such messages as THE MINORITY STINKS. Demonstrations, however, were quickly broken up.

Smith was in control throughout the tour, permitted his guest from London only a fleeting glimpse of black nationalist spokesmen who oppose white rule. He was allowed three hours with restricted Nationalist Leader Joshua Nkomo in eastern Rhodesia's steaming Hippo Valley, two hours with another delegation in the seclusion of the ladies' powder room at a Rhodesian airbase. Scarcely had Bottomley landed in Salisbury than he was whisked off to nearby Domboshawa for an *indaba* (powwow) with 600 government-paid chiefs and headmen. One after another, the chiefs, who are the leaders of rural tribes but have little following in the cities, stood up to attack British insistence on dealing with black nationalist politicians instead of "the true leaders of the people, the chiefs." Britain has meddled too long in Rhodesian affairs, said one red-robed patriarch: "We want our independence now—tonight, at 5 o'clock."

Almost everywhere that Bottomley was taken, the harangues continued. He tangled with 100 labor leaders (mostly white) in Salisbury's Unity House, was assailed by 50 farmers (all white) at an experimental farm south of Zambezi Escarpment. At an elephant barbecue on the shores of Lake Kariba, while maidens of the primitive Batonka tribe danced bare-breasted to the throb of buffalo-hide drums, Batonka Chief Binga attacked the African nationalists, adding with solemn African symbolism that "you cannot change a brown cow into a white one."

BOTTOMLEY & NKOMO
What now, brown cow?

Bottomley came away with no easy answers. Shortly before he flew back to London last week to report to Wilson, he told reporters that he had been trying "to find a way for the British and Rhodesian governments, and the African nationalists, to arrive at a solution whereby there could be a peaceful transition to majority rule." Added he: "I do not say how or when."

THE CONGO

Looking for Votes

The 35-member Organization of African Unity has never been very friendly to Congolese Premier Moise Tshombe. When his name is mentioned in O.A.U. meetings, it often brings delegates to their feet, shouting "Lackey," "Stooge" or "Neocolonialist." But last week, as the group's foreign ministers met in Nairobi to discuss the Congo question, Tshombe, to his surprise and gratification, found that he had more supporters than attackers.

An important question was whether Tshombe's bitter Congolese foes, the rebel forces of Christophe Gbenye, would be invited to present their case to the meeting. The Sudan, which has acted as a funnel for arms to the rebels, joined Egypt and Algeria in demanding that the rebels be heard. But when the vote was taken, the rebels were rejected, suggesting that a growing number of delegations felt that, whatever their personal antipathy to Tshombe, there was no alternative to supporting the legitimate Tshombe regime.

Moise himself showed up in Nairobi, flashing his quarter-moon smile as he stepped out of his Air Congo DC-6, and immediately went on the attack. He demanded that the O.A.U. censure Egypt, Algeria and the Sudan for supplying arms to the rebels, and the Brazzaville Congo for sending armed bands of invaders into the Congo to aid the rebel cause. Finally, he challenged the rebels themselves to lay down their arms and take their case to the people in the Congo's six-week election period that starts next week. "Let them contest the elections," said Tshombe. "They are free to do so."

Although Tshombe did not say so,

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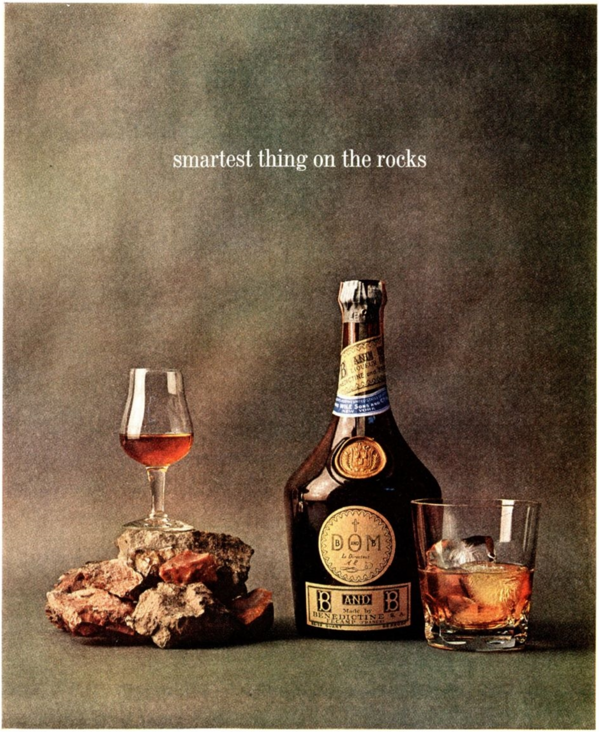

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The drier liqueur B AND B BENEDICTINE BRANDY

his challenge could well be the rebels' only chance to be anything but jungle terrorists. In the northeastern Congo last week, Tshombe's troops were preparing to move. In Bunia, near the Uganda border, Major Mike Hoare had arrived with 300 fresh mercenaries from South Africa and Rhodesia. An additional 400 Belgian and French mercenaries were poised in the jungle towns to the west of the rebels' center, and Tshombe's own Congolese army was not far behind, presumably waiting only for the end of the O.A.U. conference to strike. Object of the new offensive: to cut off the rebels' only remaining road connections with the outside world, clear as much of the northeast portion of the Congo as possible before the elections end.

BECHUANALAND

Walking the Tightrope

By camel and dugout canoe, through bleak lion country and rich tobacco fields, the electorate of Bechuanaland proceeded to the polls. Some were red-faced Afrikaner farmers in sports shirts and veldskoen; others were naked Kalahari bushmen, whose ways have not changed since they learned to paint on rocks 15,000 years ago. At the polling place—in some cases a tidy brick schoolhouse, in others a thatch-roofed hut beneath a twisted mopane tree—each voter received a handful of colored, coin-size counters representing the candidates of five political parties. Cynics called it "the tiddlywinks poll," but when all the cardboard disks were counted last week, Bechuanaland had wisely and overwhelmingly elected as its first Prime Minister an African leader with just the right qualifications: moderation, modesty and multiracial understanding.

"The Black Englishman." The man who won at tiddlywinks is Seretse Khama, 43, a tall, bearded Oxonian who 16 years ago threw away his right to the paramount chieftainship of the powerful Bamangwato tribe to marry an English girl. Seretse, even then known as "the black Englishman" to friend and foe alike, was studying law in London in 1947 when he met Ruth Williams, a blonde, 24-year-old insurance clerk who lived with her parents and sister in suburban Lewisham.

When they married the next year, Seretse's despotic uncle, Tribal Regent Tshekedi Khama, joined forces with an embarrassed Labor government in a Windsor-like sequence of events that ultimately stripped Seretse of his chieftainship and forced him into a six-year British exile. Much of the pressure from the Labor side was exerted by then Commonwealth Relations Secretary Patrick Gordon-Walker, who was twice beaten for Parliament within the last year, partly on the color issue.

Lace & Auto Jacks. When Seretse and Ruth finally returned to his tribal

capital of Serowe in 1956, there was much prejudice to overcome. Being white, Ruth was suspect. Moreover, a set of twins, born two years later, seemed to spell disaster to Bamangwato witch doctors. But Ruth—often wearing a silk blouse and tight white pants—moved through the mud-hut villages dispensing good will, wiping blood from injured herdsmen with a lace handkerchief, and fighting for seven years to build a clinic. Eventually she became known as *Mwa Rona* (Our Mother), and the antiwhite fears of the tribesmen faded.

Meanwhile Seretse was working to waken Bechuanaland politically. He formed the multiracial Bechuanaland Democratic Party, opposing Black Nationalist Phillip Matante ("the Lion of Bechuanaland") and Peking-oriented Motsamai Mpho. At one political rally, a back-country tribesman who could not pronounce the word democratic referred to the party as *Domkrag*—Afrikaans for automobile jack. Seretse adopted the jack as his party symbol ("It represents slow, silent power"), and last week it lifted him to victory. The red counters designating Seretse's B.D.P. flooded the ballot boxes, and 28 of the 35 seats in Bechuanaland's newly-elected legislative assembly went to his candidates.

Sorghum & Cowpeas. Though full independence is still a year away, tribesmen already revere Ruth as their first white First Lady. Modestly she smiles: "I am only the second lady. What about the Queen of England?" Quite right. For the moment Britain remains in effective control of Bechuanaland. When independence finally comes, Seretse expects to rename his country Bechuana and set about the enormous tasks ahead. His work is cut out for him. Texas-size, with a population of only 542,000, the country is mostly salt pan and desert, barely suitable for cattle grazing. In the east, near Francistown, Serowe and the tiny, torrid new capital of Gaberones, rainfall permits some crops, mostly maize, sorghum, cowpeas, pumpkins and tobacco. Only a single railroad, 394 miles long, and a highway connect the north and south

MARION KAPLAN

RUTH & SERETSE
Welcome to South Africa, finally.

of the protectorate. East-west roads branch off this central spine, but typically peter out into sand within 40 or 50 miles. A few mining companies are probing Bechuanaland's deposits of manganese, copper, silver and gold, but it will be years before they pay off—if they ever do.

More immediate is the question of Bechuanaland's relations with its neighbors. Hemmed in on all sides by white Africa (Rhodesia on the east and *apartheid*-minded South Africa and its South-West Africa dependency on the south, west and north), Bechuanaland is tied economically to the nations that every true black nationalist hates. With the two other British High Commission territories of Basutoland and Swaziland, Seretse's domain is joined with South Africa in a customs union, uses South African currency, and in the past has cooperated in transportation, trade, health and general development with Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd's regime. Indeed, some 30,000 Bechuanas depend on employment in the South African gold fields for a livelihood.

Seretse made it clear last week that he intends to walk the tightrope between white and black Africa. "We won't cut off economic relations with any country because of its politics," he explained. "Britain isn't keen on Communism, but she trades with Peking and Cuba. We don't like *apartheid*, but we will trade with South Africa." How about South Africa's feeling toward such a flagrant violator of *apartheid*? Last week, after Seretse's victory, South Africa announced that the travel ban imposed after his marriage to Ruth had been lifted. Seretse received the news with a wry smile.

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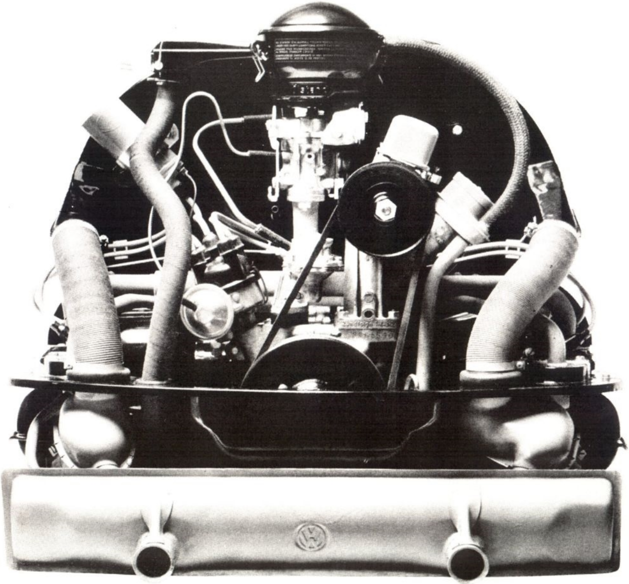


PERU

The New Conquest

(See Cover)

A small group of men carefully made their way through the steel and concrete skeletons of one of Latin America's biggest housing projects—52 apartment towers, each twelve stories high, rising over 30 acres on the outskirts of Lima to provide government housing for 10,000 people. Stepping lightly across an open trench, a well-dressed visitor fell into step beside the chief engineer and started firing intense questions. "Is it going fast enough?" he demanded. "What are your problems?" "Are you getting all the help you need?" Everything was on schedule, replied the engineer. As the two circled the project, workers on the scaffolding overhead clapped wildly and commenced the chant heard around Peru: "Be-la-ún-de! Be-la-ún-de! Be-la-ún-de!" Straightening up, the visitor cupped his hand slightly and delivered the forward chop of his arm that is his symbol. "*Adelante*," he said. Forward.

Forward is the course of Fernando Belaúnde Terry, 52, President of Peru and the man who in the past 19 months has captured the imagination of his people as no one before. He is an aristocrat, a member of one of Peru's older and wealthier families. Were it not for the force of circumstance, he would probably still be just a successful Lima architect. His political enemies call him an adventurer, a buccaneer, a demagogue. In his messianic public oratory, he has at times approached the emotional level of a Fidel Castro. But the revolution that Belaúnde carries forward is peaceful, democratic, and made in Latin America. As far as the U.S. is concerned, he is the very model of an *Alianza* President.

Lighting a Path. Other Latin American Presidents get more of the world's attention. Mexico's Díaz Ordaz administers a prosperous, rapidly industrializing nation. Venezuela's Raúl Leoni is pumping his country's vast oil wealth into impressive reforms; Argentina's Arturo Illia is struggling with inflationary troubles in the best-fed nation in Latin America; and Brazil's Humberto Castello Branco seems to be starting his gigantic country back toward order after toppling a ruinous leftist regime. But there is genuine excitement in Peru. What is going on there under Belaúnde lights a path ahead for the entire spiny west coast of South America from Colombia to Chile.

This is Indian South America, land of the ancient Incas and Spanish *conquistadores*, whose 45 million descendants have always lived in mutually exclusive societies: the white Spanish minority that owns the wealth and the hopeless, anonymous Indian and half-breed majority that exists in squalid slums or labors on Andean haciendas. "In the sweep of all its history," says Belaúnde, "our land has been the theater of endless bloody struggles. And always there remained great gulfs between the conquerors and the conquered."

Belaúnde intends to bridge the gulfs not so much by taking from the rich but by giving the peasant masses a stake in their country through massive social reforms and self-help development programs. He offers more food, better jobs, new roads, schools, hospitals, industries. He reminds the Indians of the Inca civilization that once flourished in Peru, talks of "a new renaissance," and challenges them to enlist in what he calls "the conquest of Peru by Peruvians."

Some of his schemes to water Peru's deserts, tame its Andean mountains and populate its Amazonian jungles sound visionary to an extreme. Peruvians are at least willing to let him try. "We must not be afraid of greatness," he says. "We have lost the habit of thinking on a grand scale, of conceiving works that, like the Panama Canal, change the geography of a continent. The hour of the pioneer, the founder of new cities, must be sounded. Nature is our enemy, and nature can be overcome."

Time of Transition. Belaúnde's message has a variety of implications up and down the forbidding, 4,000-mile chain of Andes. In some countries the call for reform and development comes through loud and clear. In others, the attitudes of centuries are hard to change. Everywhere, it will be nip and tuck to meet the suddenly rising expectations. As one hacienda owner says: "We have held our Indians in bondage and misery since the Conquest. Now our day is passing, their day is dawning. The transition could be a nightmare."

BELAÚNDE CAMPAIGNING IN THE AMAZON REGION
"We must not be afraid of greatness."

• COLOMBIA was once regarded as a showcase of the Alliance for Progress. With massive infusions of U.S. aid ($230 million since 1961), and under the steady hand of former President Alberto Lleras Camargo, the country's Liberal and Conservative parties called a truce in their senseless civil war and pushed through an impressive series of reforms. Under the current President, Guillermo León Valencia, army civic action programs and anti-guerrilla campaigns have sharply reduced poverty-fed banditry in the backlands. That is Valencia's major success. During his 31 months in office, the cost of living has risen 45%, unemployment is up to 10%, and foreign investment to diversify the coffee and mining economy has trickled off. Agrarian reform is at a standstill, with 3% of the people still owning 55%

THE WEST COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA

PERUVIAN VILLAGE amidst awesome Andes is characteristic of South America's west coast from Colombia to Chile. Although many of them are lured to the cities, villagers like those of Cochas above still produce small crops of potatoes and grain, cling to foothills first terraced by their Inca ancestors in the centuries before Pizarro landed in 1532.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY J. ALEX LANGLEY

NEAR THE PACIFIC the exclusive Santa María del Mar club provides an oasis of luxury in the coastal desert just 45 minutes from Lima. Members can loll by the sea or beside a 390-ft. pool, claimed to be continent's largest.

OUT OF THE PAST an Indian family walks beside a pond of tailings from a Cerro de Pasco Corp. mine producing silver, lead, zinc and copper ores. Andean mine is 95 miles northeast of Lima and 14,850 ft. above sea level.

← TO THE SLUMS outside Lima come Peruvian peasants by the tens of thousands, looking for a better life. Of the capital's 2,000,000 souls, some 20% live in shanties made of mud, flattened tin cans, cardboard or woven reeds.

CORNELL CAPA—MAGNUM

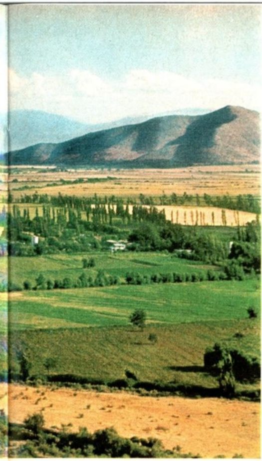
COLOMBIAN OIL is the goal of drilling crews serviced by helicopters that leapfrog over roadless forest to ferry 30-ft. lengths of well casing. Remote camps are 50 miles from the nearest river port.

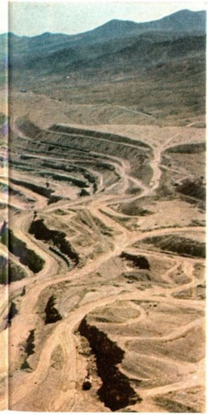
MOST BANANAS of any nation on earth → are exported by Ecuador. From plantations like this one near the newly modernized port of Guayaquil, over 41 million stems of green fruit were shipped in 1964.

ECUADOR'S CAPITAL, Quito, is spilling suburbs northward. Only 15 years ago, the section of the city pictured at right was lightly developed; today it contains two university campuses and is filled with upper-middle-class homes.

CHILE'S BREADBASKET stretches for 600 miles along the fertile Central Valley. Its poplar-lined fields produce most of Chile's wheat. The area is also renowned for wine.

MINERAL WEALTH is blasted from world's most productive open-pit copper mine at Chuquicamata, in Chile's Atacama desert. Crater is two miles long, 1,200 ft. deep.





DESERT ROAD runs 100 miles from Chuquicamata through María Elena nitrate center to the coast. Such sandy wasteland lies along much of the Pacific shoreline from northern Chile to southern Ecuador.

TIERRA DEL FUEGO—land of fire—was so named by Magellan because of Indian fires burning along its coast. Today's fires along the Straits of Magellan and the southern Chile shoreline are produced by burn-off gases of government-owned oil refineries like Sara, 70 miles northeast of Punta Arenas (pop. 55,000), the world's southernmost city.

of the land, and the average worker's wage in the cities is only 25¢ per hour.

• ECUADOR is under military rule, and likely to stay that way for a while. "Power," says Rear Admiral Ramón Castro Jijón, chief of the junta, "does not lure us. Only the circumstances retain us." In the 19 months since the military toppled erratic, hard-drinking Carlos Julio Arosemena, Ecuador's progress-minded soldiers have ground out hundreds of decrees organizing a civil service, setting up a land reform, revising the tax system. New industry (paint, textiles, detergents) is flowing into Quito and Guayaquil. In the highlands, where half of Ecuador's 4,700,000 people (80% of them Indian-descended) still live, some hacienda workers are paid only 5¢ a day, are often treated with medieval cruelty. "On many haciendas," says a parish priest, "there is neither law nor God."

• BOLIVIA has come a long way since 1948, when a La Paz newspaper carried an advertisement: "For sale—200 hectares of land, 47 hogs, 83 Indians." Since the 1952 revolution that toppled the country's feudal tin barons, the Spanish *criollos,* who make up a mere 15% of the country's 4,000,000 people, no longer traffic in serfs, and most Indians have their own plot of land. Yet, on the 12,000-ft. Andean plateau, where 75% of Bolivians live, the peasants still sleep on dried llama fetuses to cure what ails them, still subsist mainly on dried potatoes. The U.S. put great store in President Víctor Paz Estenssoro, who made a start at bringing his country into the 20th century, but was so heavy-handed about it that he was overthrown by a military coup last November. Air Force General René Barrientos is now in command and promises new elections this September.

• CHILE is the most European of the west-coast countries, honors—of all people—Bernardo O'Higgins as its first President, and has a long history of constitutional government. Nevertheless, the country's 8,200,000 people, 66% of them part Indian, have never been able to feed themselves; their country, for all the lush wheat- and wine-growing valleys, is still mostly desert and mountain that do not produce enough food for the soaring population. Like Peru's Belaúnde, Chile's new President Eduardo Frei offers a vast reform program, including a landmark partnership with three U.S. companies to double copper production by 1970. Frei has suffered from a hostile lame-duck Congress in which his Christian Democrats controlled only 33 of 192 seats. "Chile," he says, "cannot wait indefinitely." And this week he went into crucial congressional elections, hoping for a more cooperative legislature.

Spanish or Quechua. Whatever the problems of the others, Peru has them all—and more. It is the biggest of the west-coast nations, the heart of the ancient Inca empire, and no place for the timid. "When you see no trees," said one 16th century Spanish navigator, "you have reached Peru." The seacoast capital, Lima, is bigger than Detroit, and sleek modern skyscrapers crowd in on some of the most magnificent Spanish architecture this side of Madrid. Yet 400,000 of its 2,000,000 citizens squat in festering slums, among them the infamous Planeta, built next to a centuries-old garbage dump, where stony-faced Indians scrabble in the smoldering refuse.

Beyond lies the desert, so parched that for miles on end not a living thing can be seen. A short distance inland, the Andean foothills rise to 13,000-ft. plateaus, inhabited by 53% of Peru's 11 million people, virtually all of them Indians. Some labor in the mines for $2 a day; others work the steeply terraced hillsides, chewing gummy wads of coca, a leafy narcotic, to ward off hunger and cold. In the village of Hualcán, 200 miles northwest of Lima, only eight of 900 people can even communicate in Spanish; the rest speak Quechua, the language of their Inca ancestors. After a visit to Hualcán, a U.S. anthropologist reported that the Indians at first thought him an evil spirit come to steal the fat from their bones.

These are the people Belaúnde is talking about when he calls for a conquest of Peru by Peruvians. "No other government," says Lima Economist Francis Bregha, "has ever really cared about the Indians or the common man. Belaúnde has managed to awaken the *campesinos*—the millions who live in apathy and misery."

Gold in the Corn. As a model for development, Belaúnde has taken the ancient Incas themselves. "The Inca society," he says, "had many defects, but they were not hungry. The Spaniards failed to conserve this high achievement. I will try to re-establish it."

At its peak in the early 16th century, the Inca empire embraced 6,000,000 people and extended from Colombia across 350,000 square miles to northern Argentina. Farmers and shepherds, the Incas organized a collective economy that guaranteed everyone enough to eat; if a man was forced to steal because he was hungry, the village officials were punished for poor administration. The

ATAHUALPA AT THE STAKE
A case of mistaken reverence.

Incas built 10,000 miles of all-weather roads that rivaled the Roman vias, dug elaborate irrigation canals, terraced hillsides for farming, built great stone cities such as Machu Picchu that rank in engineering brilliance with the pyramids, developed a mining industry centered on gold, the "sun metal." They covered their temples with plates of gold, decorated their gardens with stalks of solid-gold corn, gold llamas and gold shepherds.

Gold is what brought the Spaniards. In 1531 Francisco Pizarro led a party of 170 adventurers into Peru. At first, the Incas mistook the bearded, armored white men for gods; the Inca Emperor, Atahualpa, approached them with gifts. Pizarro put him to death at the stake. Then began the systematic sack of the Indian world. By the thousands, Spaniards sailed across to Peru, and the treasure they sent back was in the hundreds of millions. The terrified Indians were enslaved. All material manifestations, costumes, traditions, even their family names, were suppressed.

Between 1821 and 1824, Generals José de San Martín and Simón Bolívar liberated Peru from absentee colonial rule. But the Indians merely exchanged one set of masters for another. Not until a century later did Peru's masses finally seize on a champion—of sorts—when a fiery, 29-year-old law student named Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre formed his American Popular Revolutionary Alliance. APRA's flag was red, its ideology a weird blend of democratic reform, peasant virtue and Marxist discipline. APRA was outlawed almost as soon as it raised its head in Peru. Haya shuttled between prison and exile; his party was ruthlessly driven underground. But not before staging a series of bloody demonstrations against the military-supported ruling class.

After one 1932 revolt in the coastal city of Trujillo, 26 soldiers were found slaughtered in their barracks. The enraged military rounded up more than 5,000 Apristas, marched them out to the ancient ruins of Chan Chan, ordered them to dig trenches, then mowed them down with machine guns. APRA and the military have remained uncompromising enemies ever since. And gradually, as the party grew older, it began to lose some of its appeal for Peru's impoverished masses. As it did, a new leader—Fernando Belaúnde—presented himself.

Natural Mystique. The son of a diplomat, grandson of a former Minister of Finance and great-grandson of a former President, Belaúnde went to school in Paris, got a master's degree in architecture from the University of Texas in 1935, then returned to Peru, where he designed private homes, started a magazine called *El Arquitecto Peruano*, and signed on as a government public-housing consultant. "I was interested in politics," he says, "but purely from the professional point of view." In 1945 he ran for the Chamber of Deputies, won a seat from Lima and quickly made a name for himself fighting for low-cost public housing.

Disgusted at the ever-expanding Lima slums and impatient for swifter reforms, Belaúnde finally decided to form his own political party a few months before the 1956 presidential elections. He named it *Acción Popular*, a catch phrase suggesting that the best help is self-help. No one would help the peasants unless they awoke from their coca-chewing lethargy and helped themselves—in the same cooperative, community spirit of their Inca forefathers. Working together, they could build roads and schools and hospitals—Belaúnde would see that they got the tools. "This was the philosophical idea," he says, "and the movement grew like a plant. We had created a natural mystique."

Ranging through the slums and into the hills, Belaúnde found himself attracting crowds in the thousands. "Following this winding road among the mountains," he cried, "I ask once more: Who made this road? And again, resounding in my ears like a triumphal march, I hear in these elegant words the history of all Peru's yesterdays, its present, the prophecy for its future: 'the people built it.' "

Army General Manuel Odría, then in power, scoffed at the upstart architect and declared Belaúnde's candidacy illegal for lack of enough petition signatures. Belaúnde called a protest demonstration in downtown Lima, raised high a Peruvian flag, and shouting "*Adelante!*", led a mob of 1,000 toward the President's palace. Waiting police hurled tear gas. His eyes streaming, Belaúnde delivered an ultimatum: "I will wait half an hour. If by then I have not been inscribed, we will march." Odría grudgingly let him run. In the voting, Belaúnde lost to Manuel Prado, an aristocrat who had made a deal with APRA: legality and an end to repression in return for APRA votes. Even so, Belaúnde was defeated by only 110,000 out of 1,260,000 votes—and kept right on campaigning.

Sabers & Scandals. Traveling by plane, car, canoe, muleback and on foot, he visited every single one of Peru's 144 provinces, something no other politician could say. He promised lower food prices, farm machines, low-interest loans "for the welfare of the common man." His enemies tried to shout him down. One morning in 1957, he fought a clanging saber duel atop a Lima airport building with a Congressman who had called him a "demagogue and conscious liar" (both were slightly nicked). A year later, his wife left him

BELAÚNDE (RIGHT) DUELING
A question of demagoguery.

for another man, and the scandal rocked Lima. Belaúnde won a legal separation, was awarded custody of their three children—and plunged on with his *Acción Popular*. He published a book pleading for the integration of the highland Indian in the national economy. "This," he wrote, "is the great battle that still has not been fought in the conquest of Peru."

In 1959, the government hauled him off to an island prison for defying a presidential ban on political rallies. His followers rioted in Lima; in one violent demonstration 20 were injured, 100 arrested. After three days on the island, Belaúnde decided to make a move. While guards were looking the other way during an exercise period, he raced down to the shore, tore off his shoes and plunged into the chill Pacific, crying dramatically: "I have chosen freedom!"—only to have a nearby yachtsman return him to prison. All through the next week, *Acción Popular* demonstrations continued, until the government let him go just to be rid of him. Returning to the mainland, Belaúnde hugged his parents, then thundered: "Arequipa awaits me," and charged off to a tumultuous demonstration in his family home town down the coast.

LA PRENSA

ODRÍA
Scoffing at the upstart.

Calling for Tanks. Campaigning against APRA's Haya de la Torre and ex-Dictator Odría in the 1962 elections, Belaúnde promised land reform based on expropriation of the big estates, "worker-controlled industrial cooperatives, easy loans, housing and food." He sought support from anyone he thought would give it, cheered Peru's ultranationalists with an attack on U.S.-owned oil companies, then turned around and wooed businessmen with talk of foreign investment. Opposition goons in Cuzco turned one rally into a rock fight, bloodying Belaúnde's head. When the ballots were counted, Belaúnde had lost again—to APRA's Haya, by the paper-thin margin of 14,000 votes.

"Fraud," cried Belaúnde, and demanded a "tribunal of honor" to recount the votes. "In case the government does not comply," Belaúnde threatened, "we will be compelled to overthrow it." Watching from the wings, Peru's army regarded Belaúnde with suspicion. But it hated APRA with an unyielding fury. The generals sent tanks crashing through the wrought-iron gates of Lima's presidential palace, deposed outgoing President Manuel Prado, nullified the election, and set up their own four-man junta to rule Peru.

A year later, the military called new elections. This time Belaúnde won—with the help of the Christian Democrats, three small leftist parties, and moderates who saw him as the only saving compromise between APRA and the army. It was still close. Belaúnde got 39% of the votes, just enough to satisfy the constitutional provision requiring at least one third of the total vote for election.

Belaúnde inherited a country that for all its troubles, was beginning to show some economic strength. Under the sound, hard-money policies of Prado's Premier Pedro Beltrán, policies that the military junta had the sense to continue, Peru's foreign reserves had climbed from almost nothing in 1959 to $106 million by 1963, old industries like iron and copper mining were expanding, new industries like fish meal were growing, and the sol had become one of Latin America's stronger currencies. Then here came Belaúnde, inexperienced in government, unschooled in banking or economics. He came with a platform that seemed to promise all things to all men, a rare gift of phrase, and a tendency toward impulse.

Changing the Face. The office has seemed to transform the man. He is calmer, more tolerant, less inclined to mike-shattering speeches. He has surrounded himself with young, energetic talent: a 29-year-old Agriculture Minister, a 34-year-old Director of Roads, a 34-year-old Director of Planning. The army seems satisfied, and Belaúnde has proved a deft politician in dealing with the opposition that controls 110 of the 185 congressional seats. "Our position," says an APRA leader, "is one of critical cooperation."

By whatever name, it works. In the past 19 months, some 500 bills have skimmed through Congress to help Belaúnde change the ancient face of Peru. He has extended universal free education from kindergarten through university, liberalized social security and retirement programs, set up a National Housing Board that hopes to finance 100,000 new homes by 1970. Five months after taking office, Belaúnde held municipal elections in 1,400 cities, towns and villages throughout Peru. They were the first such elections in 45 years; other governments had merely appointed the mayors and civic officials.

Rivers of the *Montaña*. One of Belaúnde's major preoccupations is agriculture. He has pushed through the country's first major agrarian reform bill, and it is one of the most sensible in Latin America. Belaúnde knows the lessons of Mexico's disastrous *ejido* system, does not intend to splinter the big, highly productive cotton and sugar estates into thousands of tiny plots, each barely able to support its owner. Instead he will break up only those that do not carry their weight, and satisfy the peasants' land hunger by opening vast new areas that have never seen a plow. "Right now," he says, "we have only one-half an acre of land under cultivation, per capita. We must double that to one acre."

HAYA
Slipping into decline.

The program involves a desert-irrigation network of heroic proportions. Patterned on the old Inca aqueducts of 500 years ago, it will shift water from the Atlantic side of the Andes to Peru's parched coastal lowlands by diverting the course of three rivers through mountain tunnels. Last week on the northern coast, engineers were at work on a project to channel water from the Chotano River through ten miles of tunnels down to a reservoir near Chiclayo, where 200,000 desert acres will go into production by 1970.

Belaúnde has even bigger plans for the interior. At best, Peru's stony Andes can support only marginal farming. Across the peaks lies the great, green *montaña*, Peru's eastern lowland that stretches out to the Amazon and Brazil. The *montaña* represents 62% of Peru's land area, is rich in rubber, jute, fruits, coffee, timber and grass for ranching. Yet it is home to barely 14% of Peru's people. The problem is accessibility. There are few roads and no railroads across the mountains; transportation is by air, or up the rivers.

Belaúnde's grand design is to colonize the *montaña* by means of a 20th century version of the Inca highway network that interconnected the old empire. It will be a 3,500-mile span, hugging the eastern slopes of the Andes

and connecting with access roads pushing up from Peru's west coast. Belaúnde's engineers are already pushing penetration routes from the coastal town of Pisco to the mountain town of Ayacucho, from Nazca into Cuzco, from Puno down the rugged eastern slope of the Andes into the southern *montaña*. Estimated cost: $400 million. Like Juscelino Kubitschek's Brasília, the project will be years justifying itself. "But you know," ventures one Peruvian, "in a hundred years we might look awfully foolish if we don't do it."

The Coop-Pop Way. Still a third Belaúnde program is *cooperación popular*, the great self-help effort that he has been urging on Peru's masses for years. The government supplies technical assistance, materials, some cash. The people do the work. Coop-Pop has already resulted in 3,300 new rural and slum classrooms, 600 miles of country roads, 21 football fields, 40 parks, 36 canals, 21 reservoirs, 65 community centers, 48 churches and chapels. With his flair for the dramatic, Belaúnde gave the program a lift just before his 51st birthday in October 1963, asking Peruvians to forget about the birthday baubles. "Just send me shovels," he said. Shovels he got—plus machetes, picks and hoes by the thousands, all of which went to the highlands. A few weeks ago, Belaúnde invited a group of Indians to Lima and awarded them a small golden shovel. In one year, they had built an airstrip, dozens of classrooms and 50 miles of road—$300,000 worth of construction. As a further token, he gave them a check for $37,000. "Next year," he says, "that $37,000 will be another $300,000."

Vivan los Beatles! The ideas cost money—and lots of it. But Peru's economy is coming on strong. Nurtured along by Belaúnde's firm hand, the gross domestic product expanded 8% last year to a record $3.5 billion, exports vaulted 23% to another high of $667 million, and per-capita income rose to a record $250 (*v.* $225 overall for Latin America).

The hottest industry is fish meal, which earned a record $149 million in foreign exchange last year, and for the first time made Peru the world's No. 1 fishing nation. Some 155 fish-meal plants now operate along the coast. In the north-coast town of Chimbote, the population has exploded from 5,000 to 150,000 in the past 20 years. New taxis clog the city's streets, and neon signs wink brightly all night; hi-fi shops blare out cha chas; Indian mopsters sip beer and lethal-looking, yellow-green "Inca Kolas" and fill up vacant walls with "*Vivan los Beatles!*"

The Incas and *conquistadores* mined mainly gold and silver. Now Peru produces everything from antimony to zinc, and the U.S. companies that do the bulk of the mining are in the mood to expand. Marcona Mining Co. plans to triple the capacity of its $20 million iron-ore pelletizing plant on Peru's southern coast; Southern Peru Copper Corp. is investing $16 million for improvements; and the king of the mountain, Cerro de Pasco Corp., has just earmarked $18 million to expand its $270 million mining complex. Next month General Motors will open a $5,000,000 assembly plant outside Lima, the first of 15 automakers, including Chrysler and Ford, that intend to settle in Peru.

ROGER STONE

BELAÚNDE & MODELS OF PROJECTS
"Their day is dawning."

Aid & Inflation. The biggest foreign investment, however, is still in the form of U.S. aid. Last year the country was granted a record $86.8 million in *Alianza* help, four times the 1960 aid package. Belaúnde still impatiently complains of all the delays and red tape in disbursing funds. "Peru is being studied to death," he recently told U.S. officials. "We have pre-surveys, pre-pre-surveys, pre-investment surveys, pre-pre-investment surveys. Committees of experts study us. Everybody studies us, and in spite of all these studies, Peru is moving ahead."

Belaúnde sometimes suspects that the U.S. drags its feet just a little because of his bitter wrangle with International Petroleum Co., the Standard Oil of New Jersey affiliate that operates Peru's richest oilfield on the north coast near the Ecuadorian border. Shortly after his election in 1963, Belaúnde yielded to nationalist demands and canceled I.P.C.'s 39-year-old concession. He has yet to reach a settlement. Peru's anti-*Yanquis* demand outright expropriation. Belaúnde's better sense tells him that the government could not run the field profitably. "Around here," says one I.P.C. executive, "they still think we're bastards. But we're efficient, low-cost bastards." Last week, according to I.P.C., Belaúnde was proposing what amounts to a 90-10 profit split, and that, says the company, is "just not worth the trouble."

Creeping inflation is a specter. Last year Peru's cost of living edged up 11%—still small by Latin American standards, but considerably higher than the 1963 rate. This year, Belaúnde's budget is set at $1.1 billion, 45% more than his budget in 1964. To help pay the freight, Belaúnde has raised import and mining taxes, tightened collections and cracked down on tax dodgers. The result has been a 60% jump in tax revenues. Yet his budget deficit is projected at $80 million this year—up 10% from 1964—and brings dour predictions of sharper inflation and opposition howls that Belaúnde will spend the country into bankruptcy.

Too Busy Building. While Belaúnde builds, Communism tries to tear him down. Each week, Moscow, Peking and Havana beam 110 hours of short-wave hate into Peru and the other west-coast nations. The broadcasts, in Spanish and Quechua, urge the Indians to take up their slingshots to "exterminate the capitalist wolves." From time to time, a few Red-led bands have invaded highland haciendas and stirred trouble in the mines. But the Communists are few and out of date in Peru. The country is too busy working on Fernando Belaúnde's Peruvian architecture to pay much attention to foreign voices.

In his Lima presidential palace, Belaúnde has turned the ornate, wood-paneled state dining room into a wall-to-wall showcase for his housing, road and irrigation projects. Huge maps cover the walls, and dozens of scale-model projects are lined up neatly on tables. "This one will open in July," he says, pointing to a housing project. "We've just broken ground on that one over there." He turns to the maps with their probing lines thrusting east from the Pacific. "You know," he mutters, putting his finger on a village deep in the towering Andes, "that used to be a ten-day trip on horseback—five days in and five days out. This June, I'm going there in a few hours by car."

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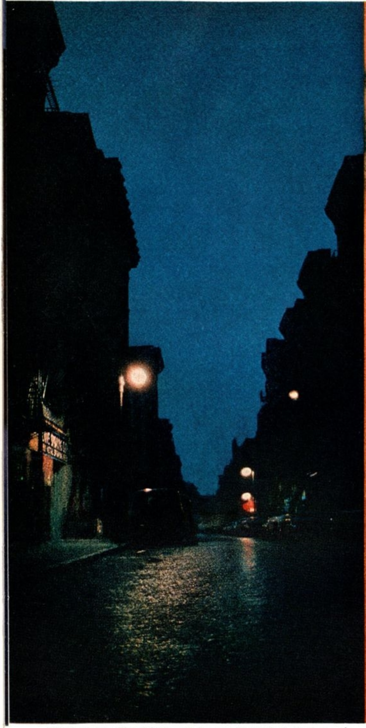

Dark streets like this breed danger. But when G-E street lighting went up in worst N. Y. C. areas, crime dropped 71%. In Indianapolis, night traffic accidents fell 54%.

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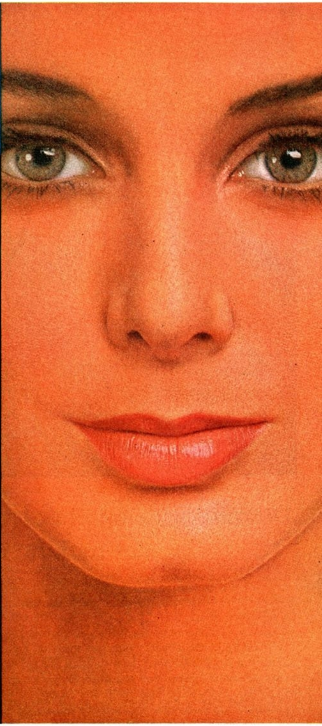

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KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

PEOPLE

"This . . . is London," CBS Radio Correspondent **Edward R. Murrow** began in 1939. "Often the British are insular, but their determination must be recorded," he said, and so he did all through the war, never more memorably than by placing his microphone near the sidewalk to catch the unhurried footsteps of Londoners walking calmly to the air-raid shelters. Last week London was calling again, this time to tell Murrow, 56, that Britons will know him as Sir Edward from now on. Queen Elizabeth made him an honorary knight commander of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, in recognition of his furtherance of Anglo-American understanding. Ed himself was in New York Hospital for another checkup following removal of a cancerous left lung 14 months ago.

• • •

At her progressive boarding school in New York's Adirondack Mountains, the eighth-grader known as "Yassy" rambles on horseback in the fall, skis in the winter, and in spring helps make maple syrup with the other children. It sounds remote from Hollywood and the Riviera, but it isn't, really, because "Yassy" is **Princess Yasmin**, 15, daughter of the late Aly Khan and Cinemactress Rita Hayworth, 46, whom she flew down to visit in Manhattan last week. Rita had just finished making *The Money Trap* for M-G-M, and seemed almost relieved to report that Yasmin hasn't yet shown any interest in acting. "She came to visit me in Madrid last winter when I was making *Circus World*, and when she saw me getting up at 4:30 a.m. to go out on the set, she was just appalled!"

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There they were, jammed together in the Shell Room of Miami Beach's Doral Beach Hotel, along with 600 music lovers and curiosity seekers of unrestricted tastes. First, **Guy Lombardo**, 62, borrowed four musicians from **Count Basie**, 60, for several numbers that sounded Royally Canadian. The Count countered by swiping eight guys from Guy, for a medley indistinguishable from basic Basie. But it took that great ham operator, **Jackie Gleason**, 49, to get the bands jamming together, when, with short waves of his smoldering cigarette, he led the 32-man combined ensemble through *Rampart Street* and *Johnson Rag*.

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The plot and the stars alone would have drawn a crowd on Broadway. The lawyers were Louis Nizer and Roy Cohn. The defendant was Millionaire Songwriter **Alan Jay Lerner**, 46, who was being sued by his wife Micheline, 37, in New York Supreme Court, for a separation settlement and custody of their son Michel, 6. But the lyrics were what really juiced up the show. Micheline testified that Lerner threatened to kill her, played around with other women and roused her at 5 a.m. by going out to get "shots"—"vitamins," he explained, merely vitamins, to help him write faster. Micheline said that the shots cut his vision 30% and rendered him unable "to satisfy me. He told me that when he was very much in love with a woman, his problem occurred." According to her diary, she had some problems herself. She had written about "defrosting" a young actor, and complained about how her husband's "horrible fingernails tried to caress my leg." What the lady would now consider fair is $5,000 a week.

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His Master's Voice predicted yet another victory. "The time will come," said RCA Chairman **David Sarnoff**, 74, in a Washington speech, "when an individual carrying a vest-pocket transmitter-receiver will connect by radio to a nearby switchboard linked to communications satellites and be able to see and speak with any similarly equipped individual anywhere in the world."

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Gstaad is where Charlotte and Anne Ford go to gsport themselves with the young film crowd: George Hamilton, Natalie Wood and David Niven Jr. But since Dad was honeymooning at nearby St. Moritz, the girls dropped over to visit with him and their new stepmother, **Christina Ford**, 38. The crowd is a little more ritzy, running to mature marchesi (Pucci), maestros (Von Karajan), and marchionesses (Blandford, the former Tina Onassis); but still the American element does creep in sometimes. "Hi there!" one hearty Midwestern voice boomed at a startled Henry in the lobby of the Palace Hotel. "I'm your dealer in Dayton!"

THE NEW YORK TIMES

HENRY & CHRISTINA FORD
Ritzy gsport.

• • •

A number in the audience of 5,000 recognized the grandmotherly lady taking in *Prince Igor* at Moscow's Palace of Congresses, though she was not with her husband. Still, it was ticklish to know just what to say, until someone inquired how things were going. "We are living a normal, healthy life like other people," replied **Nina Khrushchev**, and left in a chauffeur-driven limousine, presumably for her country home, after the opera's second act.

• • •

He refused to testify at his first trial in 1962, when they were trying him for empire building with imaginary fertilizer tanks and a federal jury gave him 15 years for mail fraud. He wouldn't talk at his second, either, and a state court slapped on eight years for related crimes. Back in court last week in Dallas, this time on charges of faking statements to the Commodity Credit Corp., Texas Wheeler-Spieler **Billie Sol Estes**, 40, finally took the stand. "I defrauded no one—they all knew about my deals," he declared, and for two hours, while his lawyer fed him questions, he gave such a convincing self-defense that the jury acquitted him. That kind of persuasiveness ought to make him a trusty in no time at Leavenworth, which, since the U.S. Supreme Court has refused to review his federal conviction was his next stop.

PIX

BASIE, GLEASON & LOMBARDO
Jammy ham.

EDUCATION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Nice Guy's Exit

Superintendent Calvin Gross came in to New York City's pressure-racked school system two years ago with a reputation as the nation's most technically proficient school administrator. His record in achieving racial integration and academic innovation in Pittsburgh had been brilliant. But Pittsburgh, with its 75,000 students and its tight, cooperative civic-power structure, is not New York, with its 1,060,000 students and its vast, indifferent establishment. Last week the mild-mannered Gross got a rude shove out.

Bad Luck, Bad Judgment. Gross, now 45, was the youngest man and the first non-New Yorker ever to run the New York system. His luck, which had always been good, deserted him from the first: at once he faced the threat of a citywide strike by the muscle-prone United Federation of Teachers and a massive school boycott by civil rights leaders. Gross resolved to "deal with the system on its own terms, until I know my way around and know where the traps are."

The traps were all around him, and Gross never did figure out how to avoid them. He found 212 professional and civic associations banging on his door with special gripes. He consumed hours in hearing them out, later complained: "There are a lot of people in this town who care more about the noise you make than the results you get. They're the 'go ahead, raise your voice, I'll hold your coat' types." He discovered he had wasted a lot of time: "I've never had to leave so much undone in my life."

"He dillies until he can't dilly any longer; then he dallies," snapped Manhattan Presbyterian Clergyman Charles Leber. "I honestly don't know of one contribution he has made to the school system since he became superintendent," grumbled a member of the board of education. "We've been pleading with him, we've been begging him—we just couldn't get this guy moving," complained another.

CARL MYDANS—LIFE

SUPERINTENDENT GROSS
The traps were all around him.

An Unseemly Fuss. Gross had talked about promising-sounding plans for decentralizing the school system, for curriculum changes, for integration without disruption: nothing came of them. He even failed to fill the key post of deputy superintendent in charge of personnel. During one time of crisis he was in Los Angeles—recuperating from pneumonia but well enough to make a speech; during another he was in Honolulu on vacation. He got into an unseemly public fuss with the board to get his salary raised from $40,000 to $45,000 a year.

But the basic problem is that the school post requires a charismatic political leader rather than a logical technician—a man who can overpower the power groups and escape becoming a prisoner of the system. Gross is not that man. The board asked him to resign and ordered him at least to take a three-month leave. Gross, whose contract has four years to run, hired Attorney Herbert Brownell to protect his rights. For the city, a basic question loomed: Can any man, anywhere, handle the job?

UNIVERSITIES

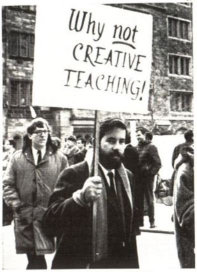
How to Rate a Teacher

One implication of the "publish or perish" syndrome is that university administrators, unable to measure teaching ability, tend to abdicate this responsibility and rate teachers solely on their research. Contending that one of their favorite teachers is the victim of this practice, 200 Yale students last week picketed for three days and chilly nights outside administrative offices in Woodbridge Hall.

They held that Richard J. Bernstein, 32-year-old associate professor of philosophy, had been passed over for tenure despite exceptionally "creative" classroom teaching. The Tenure Appointments Committee refused to discuss its decision, but there were hints that it was not impressed by his book (*A Study of Some Aspects of Education in Israel*), his manuscript on John Dewey, and three chapters of a projected book on pragmatic and analytic philosophy.

Bernstein's fellow philosophy professors had unanimously recommended him for a tenure vacancy, and Professor Paul Weiss called the committee's decision "stupid, unfair, dismaying." Professor Robert S. Brumbaugh pointed out that under the committee's criteria, "we could not have gotten tenure for Aristotle when he was 32, we could not have gotten it for Kant, and on a much homelier level, I could not have gotten it." After the wave of criticism, the committee decided to consider reopening the case.

AP



STUDENT PICKETS AT YALE
Could Aristotle have gotten tenure?

Evaluating classroom performance is complex, but a growing number of university administrators are insisting that it can—and must—be done. Ohio State's new dean of faculties, Dr. John C. Weaver, recently warned that the university must "seek attractive, indeed compelling, reward and recognition for good undergraduate teaching." This should become "every bit as important an element in the formulae for promotion and salary increases as research and publication." If not, he said, "we would do well to close the university's doors."

Mightn't administrators get a good line on teaching ability merely by attending a few lectures? Most professors consider this a form of snooping. William Fidler, general secretary of the American Association of University Professors, doubts that many teachers would stand for it. Such classroom monitoring, he says, "is a very ticklish problem." But many a layman, openly and constantly evaluated in his life's work, feels entitled to wonder.

STUDENTS

Savio Goes to Jail

Giving jury trials to the 773 students arrested in last December's students' uprising on the Berkeley campus of the University of California would be one massive judicial headache, tying up the court and at least some of the students through next summer. Instead, Berkeley Municipal Court Judge Rupert Crittenden has been permitting the defendants to file through court and waive their rights to a jury, thus leaving verdicts to him. Periodically he asked them whether they understood that they were giving up a constitutional right. One

day last week he put the question to Mario Savio, leader of the Free Speech Movement that inspired the rioting.

Replied Savio: "I understand fully the shameless hypocrisy to which the court has been reduced." After an electric silence, Crittenden asked Savio if he cared to repeat his statement. Savio did, and louder. "Mr. Savio," said the judge, "I'm going to cite you for contempt of court." Savio spent 28 hours in jail. His followers predictably held a mass rally to protest the court's action.

The Pot Problem

COED INDICTED: MARIJUANA BY MAIL ORDER AT CORNELL, said a headline in the New York Herald Tribune last week. Behind such sensational stories lies a somewhat less sensational situation. In this case, Cornell Coed Susan Heiberger, 21, was accused of buying a $5 bag of marijuana from Philip Cook, 25, who had quit Cornell in January, and of mailing some of the stuff on to a hometown friend at Connecticut College. A grand jury charged Miss Heiberger and Cook with selling marijuana, a felony, but they were allowed to plead guilty to misdemeanor charges.

Smoking marijuana—also called pot, tea, grass, stuff, boo, hemp and Mary Jane—seems to be this year's way among students of preserving the perennial illusion that the younger generation is going to hell. Statistics on the problem are nonexistent, and its extent is tough to gauge. School officials normally ignore it or hush it up; students with first-hand knowledge are prone to boastful exaggeration; arrests are relatively rare.

Boston police and New York State's Bureau of Narcotics Control are concerned: both held seminars on narcotics control for the benefit of college administrators. The New York bureau has collected evidence of marijuana use at 15 upstate New York campuses. Dr. Gerald L. Klerman of the Harvard Medical School staff estimates that 10% of the students at such large urban universities as Harvard, Stanford and California's Berkeley campus are "chronic users." As many as a third of the undergraduates at Yale and Columbia, according to an informed estimate, have at least tried the drug. And Cornell's President James A. Perkins is worried enough to have brought the issue out into the open.

Turned On for Exams. Savvy students seem to have little trouble cultivating a "connection" to secure marijuana—most often in the form of a $5 "nickel box" (matchbox size)—in New York City, Harvard Square, California's Sausalito and elsewhere. Up to 40 "joints" (cigarettes) can be fashioned from a box, making marijuana cheaper per kick than alcohol.

Some students smoke several mornings a week to "turn on" before class or before a tough examination. "I feel I'm more relaxed in school tests if I'm high," explains a Redwood, Calif., high school senior. "I feel like I'm going real slow, but I'm going at my normal speed, and all pressure seems off." But the common way of using marijuana is the spur-of-the-moment party in a college student's apartment, a teen-ager's home when parents are away, or a car at a drive-in movie. "The whole car fills up with smoke, like a big tank full of it—it's wild," reports an 18-year-old coed in California's Marin County.

Most pot parties are not really so wild. "You don't go around ripping off your clothes or anything," one coed says. Typically, one recent evening in a darkened Cambridge apartment near Harvard, two girls and two boys lounged around a candle, smoked four joints (each three inches long and less than a quarter-inch thick) in 2½ hours. At first they chattered animatedly about what records to play: Charlie Parker won out over a Bach *B Minor Mass*, and the sound track from *Black Orpheus* over Charlie Mingus. Then the smokers lapsed into sporadic metaphors and banalities. They pepped up briefly at the delight of peering into a multicolored kaleidoscope, ended by staring solemnly and in silence at the candle, one another and into space.

Illegal Togetherness. Part of pot's attraction is "doing something illegal together," says one teen-ager. Another part, obviously, is the hallucinatory effect: "You think a lot of trivial thoughts—millions of little tiny thoughts go racing through your head." One girl, trying to capture such fantasies while high, wrote: "Notes from hemp head. Oh dear, the silent nothing around is very silent and very nothing. Outside seems terribly distant. I hear people talking and they are funny—because I am listening with illegal ears."

To most psychiatrists, the increase in marijuana smoking represents not so much a search for new thrills as the traditional, exhibitionistic rebellion of youngsters against adult authority. Parents who are quite agreeable to students' drinking almost always boggle at drugs. "There is not much that students can do that is defiant," says a Boston psychiatrist. "They think with some degree of glee about what their parents would think if they knew they were smoking marijuana." These students also are "looking for changes in personality," and "they lack communication and feel isolated—when they smoke there is a certain togetherness."

The Danger: Habituation. How perilous is pot? Medical authorities agree that it is not biochemically addictive, that it does not induce the physiological craving or withdrawal symptoms of such drugs as heroin or cocaine. It affects the user's judgment, and if used daily, will dull a student's initiative and drive, but on the whole, "marijuana is probably less dangerous than alcohol," insists Rand Corp.'s drug expert William McGlothlin. "The dangers have been grossly overrated and the legal penalties are far too severe."

TEEN-AGE MARIJUANA PARTY IN SAUSALITO
Also high above Cayuga's waters.

What does concern parents, administrators and doctors is the possibility of psychological habituation. Chicago Child Psychoanalyst Ner Littner, who compares marijuana with such fads as goldfish swallowing, argues that for the emotionally stable youngster, its use is just part of "the developmental phase of being a college student." But University of Chicago Psychiatry Professor C. Knight Aldrich points out that "the emotionally susceptible person can get psychologically dependent on anything—caffein and coffee, nicotine and cigarettes, alcohol or marijuana." And of these, pot leads to the worst possibility: that the student may take to stronger, crippling drugs. On balance, says U.C.L.A. Neuropsychiatrist Keith Ditman, "pot is something to be concerned about. It's more frequent than many people realize. But I don't think it's anything to panic over."

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS

Beat Me in St. Louis

Two years ago, St. Louis summoned Conductor Eleazar de Carvalho from Brazil to take over its ailing orchestra, and Conductor de Carvalho, 49, lost no time in letting the patrons know what they could expect. "I am a man of the avant-garde," he said in his first press conference. "We must do something to open their ears."

De Carvalho's latest "something" left mouths open, if not ears. What was it? The U.S. première of Greek Composer Yannis Xenakis' *Stratégie for Two Orchestras and Two Conductors*, in which two orchestras get to play segments of the same score at the same time (though not the same segments) to find out which one comes closest to the composer's intent.

Signals & Flips. "A word of explanation," began Assistant Conductor Edward Murphy, as workmen lowered a basketball scoreboard over his head. In playing the score, he explained, the opposed conductors (Murphy and De Carvalho) would choose a "tactic" or a combination of two "tactics." They would then pass their choice on to the musicians by means of hand signals, and to a scorekeeper by the flip of numbered switches on a little box. The scorekeeper used a chart prepared by the composer with the help of a computer that supposedly showed which tactic had triumphed.

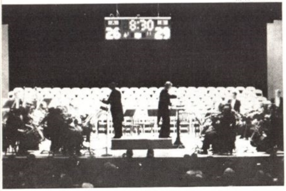
The basketball scoreboard? To let the audience follow the match. And, oh yes, remembered Murphy: a "tactic" referred to the instruments used and what they were to do. Each tactic lasted at least 15 seconds. Tactic 2, for instance, was all percussion, while in Tactic 3 the string players struck the backs of their violins, cellos and violas with their hands.

Honks & Gongs. Maestro de Carvalho leaped into the lead with what sounded like honks and whistles, but Murphy soon caught up with gongs and tappings. Halfway through the seven-minute match, Murphy took a one-point lead, but then, with a flurry of weird whines from his violins, De Carvalho went ahead to stay, was declared a six-point winner (100 to 94).

Was it music? "It's junk," said one violinist. "We could have competitions between cities," glowed De Carvalho at intermission. His musicians felt otherwise. "I put my life savings into a Guarnerius violin," said First Violinist Melvin Ritter, "and I don't want to take it onstage to thump it on the back." Clarinetist Andrew Crisanti was kinder: "You have to take it in the right spirit—after all, we're in show business."

On the evidence, the show business was paying off. In the two years since De Carvalho took over, season ticket sales have gone up 20%.

R. J. WESTRICH



"STRATÉGIE" IN ST. LOUIS
Into the lead on a whine of violins.

OPERA

The Lady General

Given a fighting force composed of knights too fat for their armor, horses too old to stand up, and soldiers a draft board would stamp instant 4-F, Ulysses S. Grant himself could not stir up a convincing battle. All the more amazing, then, that a 58-year-old, 5-ft. 1-in. woman can. But then, Opera Director Margherita Wallmann does not map her strategy in the thick of enemy attack but to the friendly strains of Prokofiev and Verdi, Puccini and Mozart.

Last week "Frau Professor" Wallmann's 127th production, a three-act spectacular, *Clitennestra*, by Italian Composer Ildebrando Pizzetti, had its world première at Milan's La Scala. Musically, the work was something of a dud—somber, repetitive, unnecessarily difficult to sing. But as exciting theater, the bloodthirsty Agamemnon legend is hard to beat, and Wallmann did not try: instead she moved her chorus in a plastic combination of Greek tragedy and modern ballet, guided Star Soprano Clara Petrella in a performance of icy majesty, and won unanimous critical acclaim for what Milan's Corriere d'Informazione called "a stupendous visual spectacle, austere, but graced with Wallmann's customary taste and knowledge."

Sudden Fall. The daughter of a Viennese leather-goods manufacturer, Margherita Wallmann danced as soon as she could stand. At 15 she was a soloist at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich. But her career as a dancer came to an abrupt end in 1934. During a rehearsal at the Vienna State Opera House, a trap door opened suddenly, and Margherita plunged, she says, "like Eurydice into the underworld." She fell 14 feet onto an iron framework, breaking a hip.

It took her two years to recover. She turned to choreography as a full-time job. Not until 1952 did she consider a latter-day career directing opera, convince La Scala authorities to give her a try.

PICCAGLIANI

DIRECTOR WALLMANN & DIRECTEE
Into a man's world with wiles.

At the beginning, she remembers, "the chorus and singers made my life a misery. They didn't take me seriously, but were always playing jokes—hiding my score or shoes—and complaining to the manager that they were singers, not dancers, that it was below their dignity to move in such an effeminate way." Nonsense, cried the critics: by getting singers to move with grace, Wallmann had given Italian opera a new look. Because she insisted on mounting productions that were "brand new from the first costume down to the last piece of scenery," Wallmann became the natural choice to direct première performances, from Darius Milhaud's *David* to La Scala's now-famed 1958 rendition of *Turandot* with Birgit Nilsson. Now Wallmann is off to Rome and a new opera by Italian Composer Mario Zafred; next, a production of Rossini's *Zelmira* at Naples, and Verdi's *Otello* for the opening of the Athens Festival. If her schedule holds, Wallmann will make it to Manhattan in time to mount *La Gioconda* for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center in the fall of 1966.

Quelled Mutinies. Tiny and imperious, Margherita Wallmann has brought a woman's wiles into a man's world. For that, she has been called a nag and a vixen. "If a man raises his voice, it is impressive. But if I do, they say I'm hysterical, so I try to hypnotize them instead," she admits. Her limp sometimes becomes more conspicuous if she seems to be in danger of losing an argument with a temperamental soprano. When total rebellion looms on an imminent horizon, she has been known to quell it by warning that one more word will bring on a heart attack. Nonetheless, as a spokesman for the Metropolitan Opera said last week, "She gets an artist to the right place at the right time so that he is never out of breath. We love her dearly."

Yul Brynner in "Invitation to a Gunfighter," co-starring Janice Rule. A Stanley Kramer production, in color by Deluxe, released through United Artists. By Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.

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SCIENCE

SPACE

Biggest Booster Yet

A brilliant flame, 700 ft. tall, towered over the swampy coast near Brunswick, Ga., as the loudest continuous sound ever made by man shook both land and sea. For 64 roaring seconds the gigantic flame rivaled the sunlight while a column of light brown smoke climbed high in the sky. Then the fire stopped abruptly. The first static test of the most powerful rocket motor ever built was a complete success.

Inside Out. The 3,000,000-lb.-thrust engine was constructed by Thiokol Chemical Corp. to prove the feasibility of very large, solid-propellant boosters. It is 100 ft. long, 156 in. in diameter, paced with 800,000 lbs. of ammonium perchlorate and powdered aluminum held together with synthetic rubber. This potent stuff is cured in a single carefully shaped "grain" with a star-shaped cavity and burns from the inside out. The nozzle is made of plastic, spun silica and fibrous graphite.

No motor nearly this big had ever been fired before, but the fuel burned so evenly, and its outside layers were such a serviceable insulator, that all parts of the steel casing remained at air temperature. The nozzle was meant to erode slightly as the corrosive exhaust gases raced out at supersonic speed. But after its throat cooled, the big nozzle looked almost new; about half an inch had been tooled smoothly away as if by a delicate grinding machine. If X rays show no internal damage, the nozzle can be used again.

Traditional Cluster. Propulsion Chief A. O. Tischler of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, who watched the firing, pronounced the test "an unmitigated, unqualified, unequivocal, unadulterated success." Such strong language does not match NASA's traditional coolness toward solid-propellant boosters. Its ambitious Apollo program to land men on the moon by 1970 is based on North American's liquid-fueled F-1 engine, which generates only 1,500,000 lbs. of thrust. Five F-1s will have to be clustered together to boost the Apollo rocket off the ground.

The F-1 is reported doing well after five years and $289 million of development cost, but it has not flown yet; and even more money and time must be lavished on it before a cluster of F-1s can be considered a safe enough booster for the ride to the moon. Thiokol's 156-in. motor, twice as powerful as the F-1, worked the first time. Its development cost was only $6,500,000.

President Harold Ritchie of Thiokol is confident that in 2½ years he can have a cluster of four solid-fuel motors with 28 million lbs. of thrust flying at a cost far below the price of an equivalent liquid-fuel booster. A cheap back-up booster with such enormous power might easily save the moon program from half a decade of frustration.

Flameout in Florida

After its big boom in Georgia, the U.S. space program ran afoul of a fizzle in Florida. At Cape Kennedy the three liquid-fuel motors of an Atlas-Centaur rocket ignited on schedule, but the missile that was supposed to toss a dummy Surveyor (soft-landing vehicle) to the moon's orbit, climbed only a few feet before a valve misfunctioned and the rocket fell back on its pad. Thin-walled fuel tanks ruptured, and more than 100 tons of liquid oxygen and kerosene burst into flames. The hydrogen-burning second stage added tons of liquid hydrogen to the holocaust. The 120-man launching crew dared not emerge from their dugout for 2½ hours.

CHEMISTRY

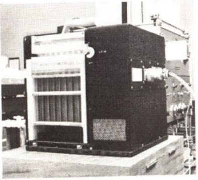
Electricity from Alcohol

The new device on display at the Linden, N.J., laboratory of Esso Research & Engineering Co. looked like nothing more than an outsize storage battery draped with a tangle of plastic tubes. Like a battery, it was an entirely self-contained source of electricity, but it was far more than that. Esso's new fuel cell comes remarkably close to the achievement of a chemical engineer's dream: the use of a cheap fuel to produce practical amounts of electric current without the aid of expensive engines or generators.

Other fuel cells already in operation combine pure hydrogen and oxygen to form water. In the process the hydrogen gives up electrons that flow out of the cell as electric current. But hydrogen is a touchy, expensive fuel, and since it is a very light gas, only small amounts can be stored in large, unwieldy pressure tanks. The Esso cell burns familiar methanol (wood alcohol) and gets its oxygen free, out of ordinary air.

When air is bubbled in, the cell heats up to 140° F. (about the temperature of household hot tap water). Helped by a catalyst, the methanol combines with oxygen, forming carbon dioxide and water while releasing electrons. The 29-lb. cell produces 100 watts of power at 5 volts' pressure, and its efficiency is as high as 40%. An auto engine, by comparison, is doing well if it gets 15% efficiency out of its gasoline fuel.

Esso engineers admit that their fuel cell is too heavy and feeble at present to have many practical applications, but they are confident that it will soon lose weight and gain power. Fuel cells may never compete with such large sources of electricity as coal-burning power stations, but they are candidates for smaller jobs in which convenience and efficiency are important. They may soon find a use in space, contributing valuable water as a byproduct along with their electricity. On earth they may provide cheap, quiet electricity for homes, weather stations or microwave repeaters beyond the reach of commercial power lines.



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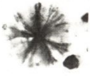
100 watts, but cool and silent.

KAKABEKIA UMBELLATA (I)



KAKABEKIA UMBELLATA (II)

EOASTRION BIFURCATUM

EOSPHAERA TYLERI

PALEONTOLOGIST BARGHOORN
1,800 million years before the oldest dinosaurs.

PALEONTOLOGY

Earliest Life

Life on earth began more than 2 billion years ago, but only in a few places are primitive fossils clear enough to give paleontologists any faint clue to what that life was like. Most rocks that date from those early years have been deeply buried for so long and subjected to so much heat and pressure that all organic traces they once contained have been turned to shapeless specks of carbon. One notable exception is a hard, black, ancient rock found near Gunflint Lake in western Ontario, which somehow escaped this rough treatment. In the magazine *Science*, Paleontologist Elso S. Barghoorn* of Harvard and the late Geologist Stanley A. Tyler of the University of Wisconsin describe the remains of microscopic organisms that lived in that "Gunflint chert"—an impure silica—about 2 billion years ago, 1,800 million years before the earliest dinosaurs.

Dim Stirring. From those tiny things, the two men boldly re-created a vast era of prehistory. In that remote period, they say, the region that is now the northwest shore of Lake Superior was covered by a shallow sea or perhaps a chain of lakes. The dry land was devoid of life; the atmosphere may have been unbreathable for most modern creatures. But in shallow pools, say the paleontologists, a dim kind of life was stirring. The bottom was covered with hard hummocks—mounds made of tight-packed vertical columns, a fraction of an inch in diameter, that were created by living matter.

The living parts were on the tips: microscopic threads of algae tangled together, busily depositing silica that stiffened the columns. The hummocks eventually became the Gunflint chert, which radioactive dating proves to be 2 billion years old.

Drs. Barghoorn and Tyler selected 800 promising samples and ground them to paper thinness. Studied under a microscope, they showed a great variety of organisms. Few of them resemble anything that still lives today, and their discoverers gave them such fanciful scientific names as *Eoastrion* (little dawn star), *Kakabekia* (after a waterfall in Ontario) and *Eosphaera* (dawn sphere).

The water above the hummocks must have teemed with tiny boating things that sank between the silica columns when they died. Those things may have been plants or animals or something in between. Whatever they were, they resembled small stars, or spheres with smaller spheres sticking to their outside walls. The most elaborate form had a bulbous base, a stalk and a ribbed cap. Its discoverers do not know whether it was sedentary like a mushroom or swam like a miniature jellyfish.

Ancient Atmosphere. By analyzing organic matter extracted from Gunflint chert, Dr. Barghoorn got some idea of how the primitive organisms lived. The carbon in them contains a relatively small proportion of carbon 13 (a rare, stable isotope of carbon), showing that it was probably extracted by photosynthesis from carbon dioxide in the air. Modern plants grow in this manner, but Professor Barghoorn is not sure that earth had its present atmosphere that long ago. The Gunflint chert also contains minerals, such as pyrite (iron sulphide), that are deposited from solutions containing no oxygen. He suspects that these minerals may have been deposited while the earth's atmosphere was in a transition state, just beginning to accumulate the oxygen that was being released by the photosyntheses of slow-living, primitive plants.

* Brother of Yale's Frederick C. Barghoorn, professor of political science, who was jailed briefly in Russia in 1963 on trumped-up spy charges.

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THE THEATER

The Trouble with Inbreeding

The avant-garde is suffering from intellectual hemophilia. It seems temporarily bled out of fresh ideas. The off-Broadway enterprise called Theater 1965, run by Producers Clinton Wilder and Richard Barr and Playwright Edward Albee, is trying to supply some new blood by professionally producing experimental work by young U.S. dramatists, but except for scattered, fitfully exciting moments, the points of view are derivative, repetitive and predictable.

▶ *Balls*, by Paul Foster, stars two spotlighted pingpong balls that throughout the play swing back and forth over the pitch-dark graves of two long-dead though volubly tape-recorded sailors. Dramatically grave-robbed from Beckett, this is a good isometric exercise for the neck, but lames the brain.

▶ *Up to Thursday*, by Sam Shepard, is an Ionescute little shadow play replete with vapid teen-age antics. An impudently hilarious finale features a boy and girl twitching with copulative ardor under an American flag to the swinging beat of a Beatles' record. To dodge the charge of desecration, the play uses an out-of-date flag. No penalty exists for desecrating drama.

▶ *Home Free!*, by Lanford Wilson. A poignant fairy-tale quality pervades this story of a brother and his incestuously pregnant sister and helps the play achieve an astonishingly tender tension between sickness and sweetness. The boy (Michael Warren Powell) and girl (Joanna Miles) live in a fantasy playroom of imaginary companions and real toys, such as a miniature Ferris wheel. The atmosphere has a suffocating intimacy, an airless immunity to reality that recalls Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*, with its similarly incestuous relationship. Reality finally intrudes with cruel pathos as the girl's birth pangs become her death throes.

▶ *Pigeons*, by Lawrence Osgood, tries to strut like Albee-cum-Pinter. The most aggressive of a trio of women attempts to invade the privacy of spirit and being of the others, to get not only under the skin but into the psyche. Lacking Albee's venom or Pinter's menace, these are three dead pigeons.

▶ *Conerico Was Here to Stay*, by Frank Gagliano, gives another squeeze to that rind of a man, the antihero. He shows the standard stigmata—conformity, terror, absence of identity, lack of responsibility and commitment—yet after he is stranded on a Manhattan subway platform, the vulnerable humanity of Mark Gordon's expressively modulated performance makes one care about him. Gagliano has a gift for capturing the acrid flavor and jagged tempo of the city's mental and physical derangements. A blind man, his white stick rattling frenetically, goes into a convulsive attack of "the crazies" as the city's noises slash unendurably at his brain. A girl (Linda Segal) is raped by a pair of subway toughs, and the agony of it is its casual lack of horror. Despite the madness and the hurt, Playwright Gagliano keeps a funny tongue in his head, and, after a fashion, even redeems his antihero.

Of the quintet of would-be dramatists, Wilson and Gagliano show the most skill at playwriting, while the rest more often play at writing. All of them display the defect of dramatic inbreeding, attending plays instead of observing life. They share the avant-garde's peculiar complacency of despair. They seem to have acquired pain without suffering, ideas without thinking. As weather prophets of some endless bone-chilling night, they need to remind themselves that the sun also rises.

MILES & POWELL IN "HOME FREE!"

ALIX JEFFRY

SEGAL & GORDON IN "CONERICO"

Some playwriting—and some playing at writing.

CHEMISTRY HAS

Laboratory research on food impurities with a Gas Chromatograph—photo by Charles Van Maanen

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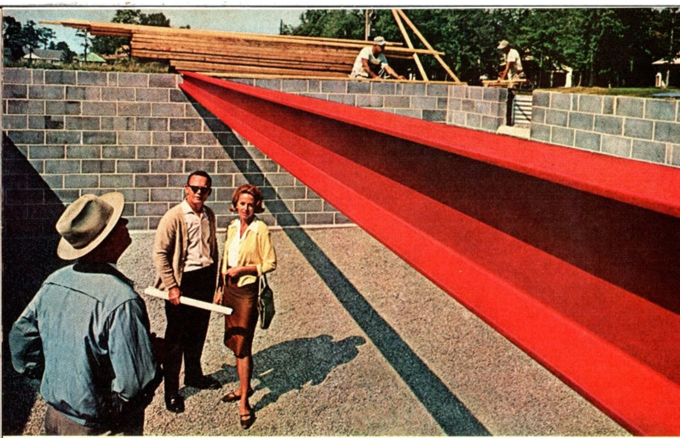

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BETHLEHEM STEEL

MAGAZINES

Chimeras in Viet Nam

Bothered by all the moral, legalistic and unrealistic arguments over Viet Nam, Military Historian S.L.A. Marshall offers some blunt battlefield advice in the current *New Leader*. "Long service with the military," admits retired Brigadier General Marshall, "colors my own view." It also "nourishes the suspicion that peace is so important that its safeguarding should not be entrusted exclusively to the judgment of civilians."

One judgment he questions in particular is the bland statement by Defense Secretary McNamara that U.S. forces cannot be protected in Viet Nam against enemy sneak attack. "It is a self-imposed jeopardy," Marshall writes. "In operations of war, if you do not have security, you do not have anything. The sending of enough field forces to cover our own installations was the one move that might have initiated a revival of confidence. Amid doubt all around, it would have been an earnest of the American intention to see the show through. There is always time for such moves: the time is when certain gain outweighs the calculated risk."

Marshall believes that the U.S. has been much too cautious in Viet Nam for fear of Chinese Communist intervention. The Chinese, he feels sure, are unlikely to enter the war. "Chinese and Communist Vietnamese interests are by no means identical." Besides, there are "insuperable logistic difficulties." The distance from the Chinese to the South Vietnamese border is 650 miles, and the route lies over rugged terrain through a narrow coastal strip that can be easily attacked from sea or air. Moreover, Chinese transport remains as shoddy as it was during the Korean War. Whenever Chinese troops moved more than 450 miles beyond their supply lines at the Yalu, they bogged down.

"However intransigent," concludes Marshall, "the men of Peking are not reckless. They look for the soft touches and hit only when opportunity yawns wide. For these reasons, all the talk about blundering into another Korea-type war in Southeast Asia seems to me as idle as is the fear behind it. Palpable risks and dangers are present in such number that if those who make policy recoil from chimeras, they will forfeit what chance remains to help South Viet Nam save herself."

Hitting the Iceberg

Last week the harassed Curtis Publishing Co. capped a year of bad news with the bleakest news of all: the company lost a staggering $7,624,000 in the fourth quarter of 1964 as compared with a $1,400,000 profit for the same period in 1963. Total 1964 loss: $13,947,000, second largest yearly deficit in Curtis' history, surpassed only by 1962's $18,917,000. The company added that it would postpone April interest payments on its $9,970,000 outstanding debentures and was considering a recapitalization of its preferred stock.

Curtis announced at the same time that Matthew J. Culligan, who had been ousted as president and chief executive officer last October after being charged with mismanagement by revolting editors, would now step down as chairman and director. He will, however, continue to draw his $150,000 salary while working on special assignments: preparing a company history, scouting for broadcasting possibilities. Quipped Culligan, who had once confidently predicted that Curtis would be out of the red in 1964: "I guess I should say that I long for the obscurity I undoubtedly deserve."

Lest anyone think he had succumbed to uncharacteristic modesty, he added: "What has been overlooked is the tremendous job I did from July 1962 through December 1963. I saved the business. Somebody asked me, was I prepared for the revolt? Was the captain of the *Titanic* prepared for hitting the iceberg? I am gratified to have been able to make a contribution to Curtis during some of its most difficult hours. It is in the best interests of all that Curtis now be given the time without harassment to continue to improve its magazines and market them more effectively to advertisers and the public."

BROADCASTING

Electronic Hodgepodge

ABC Vice President James Hagerty, who found many a fault with reporters during the years he was President Eisenhower's press secretary, ticked off some new grievances last week. Speaking before the New York State Broadcasters Association in Albany, N.Y., he charged that TV newscasters either "overdo it or lose themselves in a mass of electronic hodgepodge." Recalling all the endless fuss the press made over Ike's illnesses, Hagerty asked whether it was worthwhile, when President Johnson caught the flu, to "flood the air with special programs and breathless bulletins that couldn't help but give the impression that his life was at stake, when actually it wasn't any more than many of us had who contracted the same bug."

Bulletins in general, Hagerty complained, are overdone: "We are at war in Viet Nam, and the international situation is serious but not disastrous. Radio and television reach every citizen of our nation; and when we interrupt regularly scheduled programs with a bulletin, the collective hearts of all our people must miss a few beats until they hear the bulletin. Unless it is a matter of vital importance, aren't we running the risk of crying wolf too many times, with the resultant loss of public confidence?"

Just as bad, said Hagerty, is the quality of TV interviews: "I don't know anyone in the industry who hasn't been embarrassed from time to time by the disgraceful and frenzied interviews of public figures that are put on the air. Hordes of radio and television reporters, augmented by photographers and reporters of the newspapers, literally swamp the person being interviewed. Hand-carried microphones are thrust into his face from all directions; he is often half-blinded by the television lights; questions are shouted at him simultaneously from two or three reporters. All too often everybody gets the same treatment—be he a high-ranking Government official, a visiting foreign dignitary, an athlete, a hardened criminal, a juvenile delinquent or a Christine Keeler.

"Only the other day, the wife of Malcolm X had several microphones shoved in her face and was asked: 'How did you feel when your husband was assassinated?' How in God's name would anyone think she felt? Incidentally, I thought her dignified answer made her look ten feet tall and the questioners very small indeed."

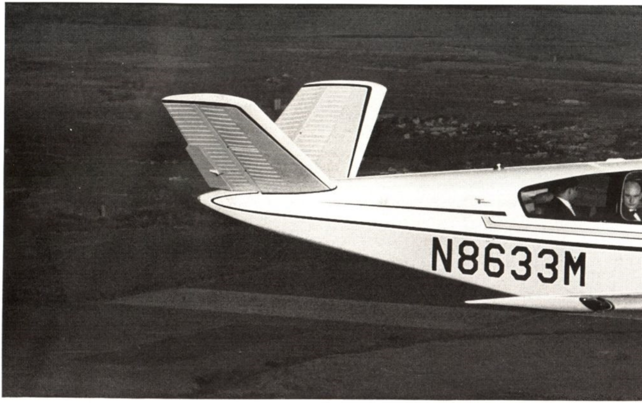
NEWSPAPERS

The Monitor's New Look

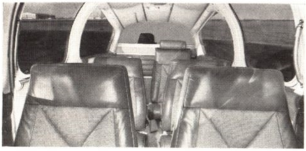
In keeping with its subdued editorial policy, the Christian Science Monitor announced a modicum of change last week with a minimum of fanfare. Over coffee and pastry in Manhattan's Plaza Hotel, Editor in Chief Erwin D. Canham and other Monitor executives described the newspaper's new look to assembled newsmen.

The paper's eight-column page has been reduced to five, its 7½-point type enlarged to nine point. Black column rules have been removed, leaving wide swatches of white space. A pair of capsule news columns have been added. "Focus," appearing daily in the left-hand column of the front page, will summarize trends in politics, business, sports, science and the arts; "The News-Briefly," which appears on page 2, will capsule the day's events. With the addition of twelve reporters and some editorial shifts, Canham expects staffers to be freer than ever to write stories with a personal viewpoint, "producing a paper that will last."

Canham hopes that the changes that he and his staff have been perfecting for the past 2½ years (TIME, Jan. 8), will boost the Monitor's sagging circulation and put the paper, now subsidized by the Mother Church, on a self-sustaining basis. Other changes are planned, though one area of the paper is sure to remain the same: liquor and cigarette ads will continue to be banned, along with pictures of people smoking or drinking. Obituaries and the word death will appear as rarely as ever.



Why more Men-of-Action have chosen the



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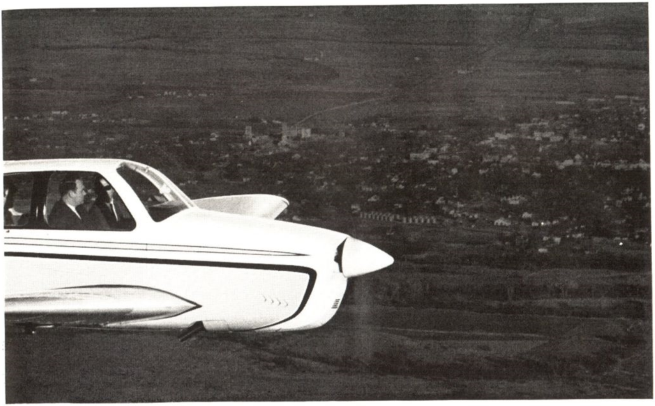

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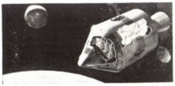

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DEREK BAYES

PICHÉ

ALAN CLIFTON

MEADOWS

JOHN GOLDBLATT

CARO

PAOLOZZI

TONY EVANS

AYRTON KING TUCKER

After the bronze age, seedlings in Fiberglas and plastics.

ART

SCULPTURE

Intellectuals Without Trauma

"Forty years ago, the idea of there being a great English sculptor was as remote as a Hottentot becoming prime minister of Scotland," says one British artist. Today Great Britain has become a hotbed of new sculptors, with three museum shows in London currently devoted to their renaissance. Miraculous as the new flowering appears, the sculpture bloom began in the 1930s, when British artists found the seeds for their ideas on the Continent from such sources as Brancusi, Archipenko and Picasso, repotted their findings in good English earth, and began producing a hardy native growth.

Off Their Pedestals. The oak towering above all is Henry Moore (TIME cover, Sept. 21, 1959). Around him have now sprung a turbulent group of younger sculptors. First to appear in the immediate postwar years were Reg Butler, Kenneth Armitage and Lynn Chadwick, whose vaguely figurative iron and bronze forms spoke to stress, anxiety and despair. Succeeding them is another generation that reacts against what one, Anthony Caro, calls their predecessors' "bandaged and wounded art." The wraps are off, the postures have come down from their pedestals and plinths, and the new British sculptors (*see following color pages*) are forging ahead in tough, cool and iconoclastic experimentation.

The youngest of the post-Moore sculptors reject a moody image of man just as they have abandoned casting in bronze. They use plastics and Fiberglas to create exuberant forms that often intrude into the provinces of painting. Cambridge-educated **Phillip King,** 30, a devoted student of Moore's, wants to "open up volume," and in works such as *Twilight,* he knifes apart space with hard, bright edges.

A counterpart is Oxford-taught **William Tucker,** also 30, who switched from painting to sculpture after seeing Moore. Tucker strips the image to its irreducible core, colors his work to give clues to its form, but abstracts it to the point where it would connote almost anything or nothing. He agrees with King that "five years ago, sculpture was still nihilist and negative. Today it's about life, not death, and we're not afraid of words like beauty, joy and pleasure."

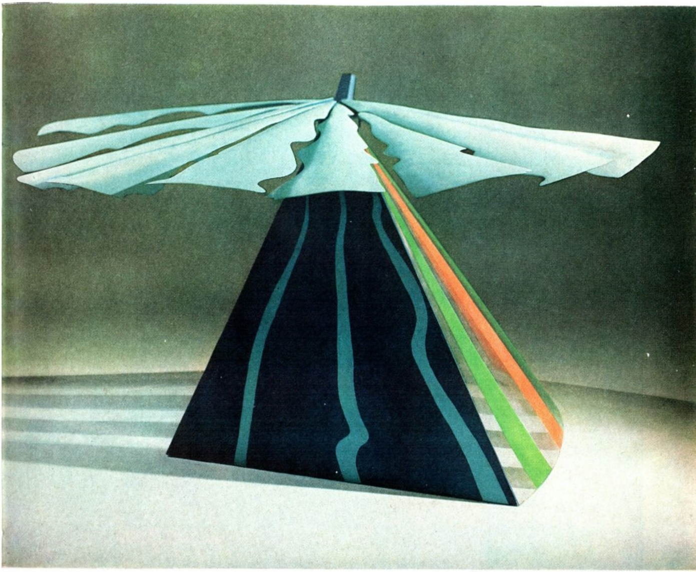
The Stressful Present. Two leaders of the new generation are **Eduardo Paolozzi** and **Anthony Caro,** both 41. Paolozzi turned from golem grotesques of junkyard assemblages of gears and bolts to hand-tooled totems, such as *Artificial Sun,* which are unthreatening icons to a world that accepts machine culture willingly. Caro, a Cambridge engineering graduate, worked with Moore for two years until "I'd come to feel that bronze was using me." So he began welding elegant elongated girderwork in steel instead of making "people substitutes" in bronze.

There still are those who adhere to the permanence of cast metal. **Michael Ayrton,** 44, has painted for 29 years, but Moore got him to sculpt as well. Impassioned by Greek mythology, he wonders "what happens when you are partly animal and want to become wholly human." He makes his misshapen minotaurs, therefore, into symbols for man's stressful present. **Bernard Meadows,** 50, who assisted Moore from 1936 to 1939, also produces bronzes suggestive of figures withdrawn into abstraction. Tough, crablike carapaces cover highly polished softer forms like defenses for a vulnerable humanity.

Sublime Thoughtfulness. A new and cooler objectivity has replaced the earlier angst in angular bronze. But the look of the sculpture is less realistic, more a kind of sublime surrealism of daydreams rather than nightmares. One such obsessive humanist is **Roland Piché,** 26, a former student of Meadows' whose space frames—cubes of bar steel—are his trademark. In them, as in his *Homage to a Summer Portrait,* a distinct action is frozen like a blurred snatch of Technicolor film. "This is a transitory generation," Piché says, and these actions are imitated in transitory materials.

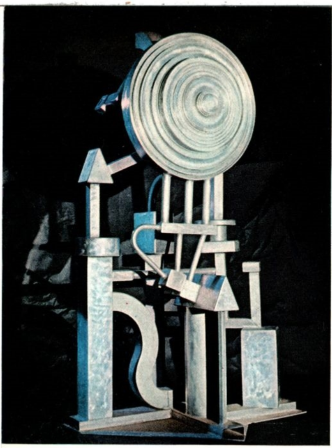
The post-Moore sculptors are in transition toward new forms utterly unrelated to history, anatomy, anecdote, or the nature of materials. They want to make new shapes that man has never conceived of. Moore himself, still relentlessly pursuing his own work at the age of 66, is not dismayed. "The thing about the English school now," he says, "is its variety. They don't care what material or technique they use. They understand rightly that it's the mind that counts."

BRITAIN'S POST-MOORE SCULPTORS



ROBERT S. CRANDALL

PHILLIP KING is a leader of new generation that boldly experiments with unexpected forms and new materials. His tentlike *Twilight*, with its rotary cloud forms, is made of transparent plastic, casts its own shadows inside itself.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ ZINRAM

EDUARDO PAOLOZZI makes imaginary machines, such as his *Artificial Sun*, that stand as fetishes for a technological age.

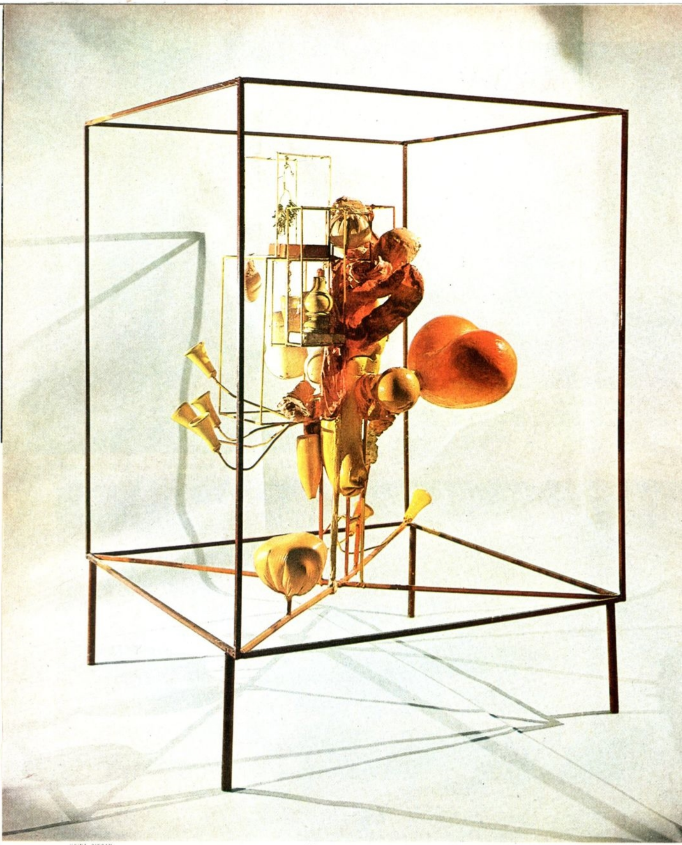
JOHN GOLDBLATT

WILLIAM TUCKER's *Meru I*, named after a Hindu holy mountain, is a metal cutout meant to sit on floor, be at home with scale of modern apartment furnishings.

MICHAEL AYRTON, established as a painter, turned a decade ago to sculpting. His landscapes of Greece led him to mythic bronzes such as *Evolution of the Minotaur* (1964).

BERNARD MEADOWS' *Armed Bust* (1961) is closer to the Henry Moore tradition in its truculent form, spiky fingered and supported on a pedestal, cast in bronze.

ANTHONY CARO's *Early One Morning* is composed of I beams and steel rods, but it sits in English garden as comfortably as a croquet set.



HEINZ ZINRAM

ROLAND PICHÉ assembles plaster, paint and steel contraptions, boxed in their own space, that seem like sculptural Francis Bacons. His visceral *Homage to a Summer Portrait* is meant to suggest lovers courting in the sun.

MODERN LIVING

SPECTACLES

Plastic History

Hostess Perle Mesta smiled and smiled. Big names are not exactly a novelty at Washington cocktail parties, but this was something else again. There, large as life among the warm martinis and cold canapés, were not only Lyndon and Lady Bird Johnson, but Abe and Mary Lincoln—not to mention Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. F.D.R. waved his cigarette holder, Churchill chomped his cigar, and some 1,200 assorted Washingtonians stared at them and chattered at each other to raise money for the American Newspaper Women's Club and to celebrate the opening of the capital's new National Historical Wax Museum.

Fewer Garrotings. The block-long $600,000 museum at Fifth and K Streets, N.W., between the Capitol and the White House, is twice as big and contains nearly twice as many figures as its predecessor in an out-of-the-way, abandoned brewery, which last year drew half a million visitors. For Frank L. Dennis, a former Washington newspaperman and lawyer, has spectacularly revived in this age of electronic entertainment the macabre gimmick with which, 163 years ago, spidery old Mme. Tussaud made a killing.

Or rather, killings. In a world without television, Mme. Tussaud's waxworks supplied nightmare fodder to generations of Londoners, with its penumbral acres of dismemberments, garrotings, stabbings, shootings and dungeon doings. After visiting Mme. Tussaud's while on European assignment as a U.S. information officer, Dennis decided that a less gory and more educational waxworks might well be popular with tourists in the nation's capital. He was so right: in addition to the new museum, Dennis' Historic Figures Inc. has set up five smaller wax museums at Gettysburg, Harpers Ferry, Niagara Falls, Denver, and Gatlinburg, Tenn. In July a sixth will open near Manhattan's Rockefeller Center, for which a replica of Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is being constructed as part of a series of "great scenes from world history."

The Right Pocks. In this new wave of wax museums, the figures are not really made of wax but of a plastic called vinyl plestisol, which, in addition to being fireproof, does not have the glossy sheen that tends to make wax figures look like wax figures. In charge of creating them is Earl Dorfman, 48, who used to do department-store window displays.

Dorfman takes infinite pains to achieve exact historical accuracy, down to the last human hair inserted in the back of a plastic hand. He studied 18th century treatments for smallpox at the Army Medical Museum to get the pockmarks on George Washington's face just right. Henry Ford's stature and eye color were taken from his 1916 driver's license. In a tableau depicting Generals Eisenhower and Montgomery being briefed by a weather officer on D-day morning, the weather maps used are authentic Government documents stamped "secret," and the uniform worn by Ike's effigy is one of his own.

From Leif to John-John. "Anybody who has staggered through this maze has a pretty good idea of what's gone on in this country," said Dennis last week. That, at least, is the idea: first of the 74 scenes is Leif Ericson discovering the New World; Columbus' ship rocks on the water; Captain John Smith gasps rhythmically as Pocahontas saves him from a tomahawking brave; a spark of electricity sputters from the historic thunderstorm to Ben Franklin's kited key; Lewis and Clark paddle up a real river with a real waterfall in a real birchbark canoe; Douglas MacArthur strides up a Philippine beach; and next to last is Jacqueline Kennedy at her husband's funeral—hand on Caroline's shoulder, John-John at the salute.

WALTER BENNETT

AT WASHINGTON'S WAX MUSEUM: L.B.J. & LADY BIRD; MacARTHUR; JACKIE & CHILDREN
And for Manhattan the Last Supper.

CUSTOMS

The Day of the Roller

Whether she did it to catch a prince, like Rapunzel, or to avoid a taxing situation, like Godiva, the girl who took down her hair in days of yore never thought twice about the trouble involved. But then, why should she? She had nothing to undo but a braid or a ribbon and presto, crowning glorysville! It is only the modern maid who spends the better part of her days putting up her hair and is not about to take it down until she's good and ready.

Women have been going about in curlers for years, always in the hope of getting crinkles to wave, waves to coil, coils to stand up and be counted. Fortunately, the means to curly ends—bobby pins, hairpins, miniature rollers or just plain rags—could be easily camouflaged around the house. In public, the works could be concealed under a snood or scarf, even fitted accommodatingly under a bathing cap. Most important, the head that hit the pillow (encompassed though it was in scrap metal) never had to worry about going to sleep: the weight of a million bobby pins, in fact, often proved a sort of sedative.

But times have changed, and so have hair styles. Curls today are for the birds, and French poodles. Current styles call for sleek, straight hair. It is a look made possible only by the use of rollers, metal or plastic, ranging up to 3 in. in diameter and designed to subdue, not support, the slightest hint of curl. What rollers cost is sleep, and women who cannot get used to a Japanese wooden neck rest have only one choice: set at dusk and sit up till dawn or set by day, rest easy at night.

Accordingly, rollers have rolled out from bathroom cabinets and dressing-table drawers. Impossible to conceal, gaudy in color, they make a display of what was once an embarrassment. Increasingly, these Saturdays, the odd woman in almost any suburban shopping center is the one without rollers. Rollered women tread libraries and museums, department stores and movie theaters, put their rollered heads together over a bridge table, even go to confession rollered.

The rollered lady seems to be living in some perpetual state of anticipation; she has taken her mark, got set, and is ready to go, always—by implication—to an event deemed more important than what she is presently doing. But the day may come when the rollers never come off at all; at opening nights and White House dinners, the ladies may come coiffed in rollered color, bright as an op painting, brittle as a petrified forest.

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Compulsory Jury Trial

Charged on 30 counts of using the U.S. mails to swindle amateur songwriters, Mortimer Singer of Los Angeles sought to waive jury trial in a federal district court on the theory that he would do better if tried by a judge alone. The prosecutor refused. Found guilty by a jury, Singer got three years and a $4,250 fine. He appealed to the Supreme Court. Since the U.S. Constitution guarantees the right to jury trial in federal criminal cases, he argued, it also guarantees the right to waiver.

Speaking for a unanimous court, Chief Justice Warren utterly rejected Singer's "bald proposition." The Constitution, he said, provides for no more and no less than "impartial trial by jury." To its framers, in fact, jury trial was such a vital shield against oppression that some of them regarded it as the only permissible way of determining guilt. Not until 1930 did the Supreme Court rule that defendants can waive jury trial in federal criminal cases but then only with permission of both judge and prosecutor.

Singer argued that a defendant can act in his best interests, but Warren ruled that "the ability to waive a constitutional right does not ordinarily carry with it the right to insist upon the opposite of that right." When the prosecutor insisted on jury trial, Singer wound up with "the very thing that the Constitution guarantees him."

The Moonshine War

When he fires up a secret still, a moonshiner violates no fewer than eleven federal laws, including one that commands him to display a sign "disclosing his name and occupation." Even so, moonshiners are tougher to catch than Viet Cong guerrillas. They booby-trap stills, wire the woods with hidden buzzers, warn one another with trained dogs and walkie-talkies. Only the best-trained woodsmen among federal agents can track them, usually at night when both sides flit through the back hills armed to the teeth.

In 1958, Congress tried to give the feds a boost by passing a law that creates a presumption of guilt for anyone caught near a moonshiner's place of business. Unless he has a good alibi, "such presence of the defendant shall be deemed sufficient evidence to authorize his conviction." Last week that law came before the Supreme Court in the case of Jackie Gainey, a Georgia moonshiner who had been nabbed near a still. Upholding the law 8 to 1, the court, in a majority opinion by Justice Potter Stewart noted that moonshiners are "notorious for the deftness with which they locate arcane spots for plying their trade." Because strangers "rarely penetrate the curtain of secrecy," it is reasonable to assume that anyone around a still is in on the secret.


PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE

FEDERAL AGENT PREPARES TO DYNAMITE NORTH CAROLINA STILL

Notoriously arcane places of business.

But Justice Hugo Black was aghast at the decision. In a dissent that ran longer than the majority opinion, Black saw Congress usurping the jury system that he reveres. Congress can "create crimes," said Black, but the Constitution empowers judges or juries to decide the facts "on their own judgment without legislative restraint." As for personal experience, drawled Black from the bench, "I come from a part of the country where now and then they had some stills, but I never thought that if I was unlucky enough to be caught around there, hunting birds or something, my presence would be enough to convict me."

Alabamian Black's home state has, in fact, something more than "now and then" stills. The feds broke up 1,059 stills there last year, made 619 arrests in the process. The last two revenuers killed in a liquor raid were shot a little more than a year ago in Alabama's Bibb County. Even so, argued the feds in *U.S. v. Gainey*, chances that innocent hunters may stumble on stills are "very, very small. Other rural possibilities—a lost motorist or an airman who parachutes to safety—are even more remote." Indeed, the feds figured the odds against a stranger ever tangling with moonshiners at 100 to 1.

Censoring the Censors

Although the First Amendment guarantees freedom of speech and press, the Supreme Court has held that certain kinds of expression, such as obscenity, are unworthy of protection. But if this makes some censorship permissible, what limits should the court place on the censor's power?

The court has long protected books and newspapers from "prior restraint"—from any censorship that would affect them before they reach the public. But the court puts movies in a special category because of their graphic nature and "capacity for evil." Thus in 1961, the court narrowly upheld the power of Chicago's police commissioner to precensor all movies and check them for obscenity. That decision, however, failed to answer crucial questions: Are even nonobscene movies subject to precensorship? How long can censors delay decisions and thus make exhibitors knuckle under?

Sharp Challenge. To get the answers, Baltimore Theater Owner Ronald L. Freedman challenged a Maryland law making it illegal to show any film not approved and licensed by the state censorship board. Freedman did so by refusing to let the censors screen a nonobscene movie: *Revenge at Daybreak*, a French film about the Irish Rebellion that the board admittedly would have licensed had Freedman submitted it. Freedman was fined $25, and Maryland's highest court upheld the conviction. When Freedman appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, Maryland argued that precensorship of movies is necessary to prevent commercial exploitation of obscenity.

Last week the court reaffirmed the constitutionality of movie precensorship. But it unanimously reversed Freedman's conviction and voided the Maryland law on the ground that it lacked procedural safeguards and judicial participation. The trouble with Maryland's setup was that it provided no time limit or court appeal while the censors made up their minds. Nor did the law provide any rapid relief in the courts even after the board did act.

Short Tether. Significantly shifting the burden of proof to censors, Justice William J. Brennan ruled that "the ex-

hibitor must be assured by statute or authoritative judicial construction that the censor will, within a specified brief period, either issue a license or go to court to restrain showing the film." As for the judicial part of the process, Brennan suggested that it should take no more than three or four days.

Justices William O. Douglas and Hugo Black concurred, but they wanted to go much further. "I would put an end to all forms and types of censorship and give full literal meaning to the command of the First Amendment," insisted Douglas. His brethren thought it was enough simply to put the censor on a shorter tether.

PUBLIC DECENCY

Topless Triumph

Man may insist on being what Carlyle called the only "clothed animal," but defining "public decency" is among the law's most hopeless chores. Thus in Caracas last summer, a clever cop arrested a topless-bathing-suit wearer simply for not carrying identification papers. But in Cannes, another cop could think of no such evasive tactic when he spotted Claudine Durand, 21, on the beach. Bare-breasted, the pretty Parisian gym teacher was playing pingpong before fascinated spectators.

Claudine was charged with "an outrage to public decency," which carries a rap of up to two years in jail. The publicity-seeking beach concessionaire, who had paid Claudine $7 to bisect her bikini, was also haled into court. Their lawyer argued that the law defines the "outrage to decency" crime as "exhibiting one's sexual parts or making obscene or lascivious gestures." He called Claudine innocent on both counts. "Bare breasts are not an erotic but an alimentary symbol," he said. As for Claudine's pingpong, was it more "lascivious" than the nightly show at the Folies-Bergère?

Not moved, the court gave the defendants suspended eight-day sentences and $200 fines. Not satisfied, France's top law journals tore the decision apart. Calling the law "most imprecise," Strasbourg University Law Professor Alfred Rieg said that it fails to require crucial proof that "an act has been capable of causing a scandal." At this stage of changing mores, he added, "one cannot seriously claim that the nudity of a feminine bosom on a beach is of a nature to offend the decency of those who see it."

All this so impressed the Appellate Court in Aix-en-Provence that it reversed the convictions. "Inasmuch as the spectacle of the nudity of the human body has nothing intrinsic in it that would outrage normal, even delicate decency, and since Claudine Durand concealed her sexual parts with a sufficiently opaque monokini, we acquit her." As things now stand, this summer's French beachwear is likely to be a lot scantier.

WORSHIP

A Quick Lent?

Lent isn't what it used to be. Throughout Christendom, churches are relaxing the rigors of the traditional time of penance before Easter.

From its roots, the word Lent—akin to the way the days "lengthen" early in the year—essentially means spring. For Christians, it recalls Jesus' 40-day fast in the wilderness, and began to be observed no later than the 4th century. For medieval man, Lent was a grim, belt-tightening time: only one meal a day was permitted; meat, milk, eggs and cheese were forbidden foods.

A Drinking Man's Diet? For modern man, Lent is hardly more austere than the Drinking Man's Diet—and it may soon be easier still. Technically, Orthodox Christians must abstain from meat, dairy and oil products; even among the devout, the rule is strictly followed only for the first and last weeks of Lent. Protestant churches leave Lenten sacrifice up to the individual conscience, although some follow a regime similar to the one observed by U.S. Catholics: only one full meal on weekdays, plus two smaller meatless meals, voluntary sacrifice of some additional pleasure, such as smoking or moviegoing. But even these rules have been largely abrogated in many dioceses—including all of Italy's and at least nine in the U.S.—and for men in the armed forces. Last week Pope Paul indicated that the rules on abstaining from meat remain "for the present"—giving force to the widespread understanding that further changes will be decreed by the Vatican Council's fourth session.

Some churchmen are figuring out other new ways to take the lentitude out of Lent. Operating on the sound theory that suburban commuters have no time to attend Lenten church services, the Rev. Craig Biddle III of St. Peter's Episcopal Church in Morristown, N.J., took his services to the commuter. With full permission from the Erie-Lackawanna Railroad, he turned the last car on the 7:17 to Manhattan into a chapel, held an Ash Wednesday service for more than 100 commuters. It was such a success that Biddle hopes to conduct similar worship-on-wheels every Thursday throughout Lent.

AP

PREACHER BIDDLE ON THE 7:17
Too much lentitude for comfort?

14 Instead of 40. Another proposal for updating Lent came from the Rt. Rev. Horace Donegan, Episcopal Bishop of New York. "It is less than honest to maintain that a Lent of 40 days is the final word for our age," he said in an Ash Wednesday sermon. "The Lenten diet is now possible only in exclusively religious establishments. The lengthy services with their glorious lessons have become unrealistic for men and women catching commuters' trains. The quiet pace of a 17th century Lent is impossible for people living in 20th century New York. I would gladly see Lent shortened to two weeks, Passion Week and Holy Week—so that people could take on something they really had a chance of seeing through."

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Less Ecumenism, Please

One striking reform of the Vatican Council's third session last fall was the decree on ecumenism that authorized Roman Catholics, under certain circumstances, to participate in prayer services with Protestants and Jews. Many U.S. bishops assumed that the decree gave them considerable latitude to encourage interfaith contacts, and have done so. Now Rome has told them to slow down.

The orders came in a confidential letter to the bishops from Archbishop Egidio Vagnozzi, who as Apostolic Delegate in Washington serves as liaison between the American hierarchy and Rome. His letter warned that the Holy See is "deeply concerned" about "excesses" in interfaith religious services, which "give rise to great wonderment, and indeed bewilderment," among the faithful. "Until the Concilian Commission has established definitive norms regarding *communicatio in sacris* (worship in common), participation in such ceremonies should be avoided."

Vagnozzi said that he was simply passing along instructions, but his own diplomatic reports back to Rome might well have inspired the letter. A learned, witty papal diplomat, Vagnozzi previously served as the Vatican's ambassador to the Philippines; he is an ecclesiastical conservative who has kept a watchful eye on liberal tendencies in the U.S. church since he came to Washington in 1959. In 1961 he delivered a public warning against the dangerous

AP

ARCHBISHOP VAGNOZZI
Too much praying with Protestants.

methods being used by certain Catholic scriptural scholars. Two years ago, he persuaded a few U.S. bishops to cancel speaking engagements by Swiss Theologian Hans Küng. More recently, he has advised U.S. church authorities to hush some outspoken lay Catholic journalists, notably Freelance Writer Michael Novak (*A New Generation, The Open Church*), a doctoral student at Harvard. The American hierarchy does not much relish Vagnozzi's intervention. "A Papal Nuncio is one step higher than an Apostolic Delegate," mused one U.S. cardinal. "Maybe we can get him named Nuncio to Lapland."

The warning did not reflect any lessening of ecumenical interest on the part of Pope Paul VI, who last month authorized Augustin Cardinal Bea to set up a theological "working group" to explore the possibilities of collaboration with the World Council of Churches. The slowdown order came from the Secretariat of State, headed by Amleto Cardinal Cicognani, Vagnozzi's predecessor as Apostolic Delegate and one of Rome's most powerful conservatives.

HYMNS

Lutheran Hit Parade

The fat red *Service Book and Hymnal* used by the Lutheran Church in America includes ten hymns with words or music by Martin Luther—and not one of them is among the top ten favorites of Lutherans today. His best-known work, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, ranks 15th on the list of the Lutherans' most frequently sung hymns, well behind a host of hymns by 18th and 19th century Protestants. According to a survey in *The Lutheran* Magazine, the hymns at the top of the list are *Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty; Beautiful Savior; My Faith Looks Up to Thee; Come, Thou Almighty King;* and *Give to Our God Immortal Praise*.

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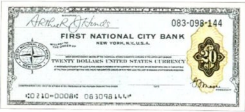

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Test No. 1—Refundability—in Paris

To make this test, Miss Sydney M. Roberts of Villanova, Pa. actually burned $200 worth of First National City Travelers Checks. Total loss? Interruption in travel? Not at all. Miss Roberts was directed by her hotel to a nearby Société Générale bank office where she promptly received a full, on-the-spot refund.

Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Nassau

Honeymooners Mr. and Mrs. Peter S. Allin of Durham, N. C. enjoyed a round at the picturesque Nassau Golf Club. Green fees? Paid for, as all their travel needs, with a First National City Travelers Check.

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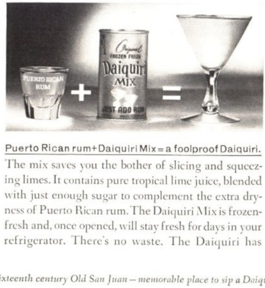
Suddenly the Daiquiri is America's second most popular cocktail

Credit goes to dry, light Puerto Rican rum and to amazing frozen-fresh Daiquiri Mix. They let you make a foolproof Daiquiri in just *30 seconds flat.*



Puerto Rican rum+Daiquiri Mix=a foolproof Daiquiri.

The mix saves you the bother of slicing and squeezing limes. It contains pure tropical lime juice, blended with just enough sugar to complement the extra dryness of Puerto Rican rum. The Daiquiri Mix is frozen-fresh and, once opened, will stay fresh for days in your refrigerator. There's no waste. The Daiquiri has never been easier to make—or more popular. It has now passed the Whiskey Sour and Manhattan in popularity—and is catching up with the Martini. Another reason for its success: Puerto Rican rum.

Puerto Rico's great climate gives the rum unique character. For extra dryness, the rum is distilled at high proof, then aged in oak—the law in Puerto Rico.

Now there's more than one way to make a Daiquiri. By adding orange juice to the basic recipe, you can turn a Daiquiri into a sunny, smooth Derby Daiquiri. You will find recipes for 7 Daiquiris and 24 other great rum drinks in the booklet offered below.

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MEDICINE

PHYSIOLOGY

Spinning for Space

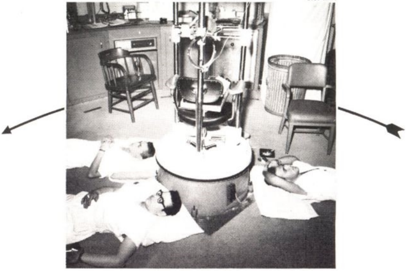
The cylindrical room at the Pensacola Naval Air Station was spinning around at ten revolutions per minute all last week. Inside it, along with a medical officer, were four young volunteer enlisted men who seemed to have nothing more serious to do than loll around in shorts and T shirts, watch TV, phone girl friends downtown, play catch with a tennis ball or toss darts.

But despite the casual air, there was nothing frivolous about the activity in that spinning silo. The Coriolis Acceleration Platform, as the Navy calls it, is being used as a reach into the future. In an experiment designed by Captain Ashton Graybiel, research director at the Navy's School of Aviation Medicine, Navy doctors are trying to find out what will happen to men when they venture into space on long interplanetary journeys. Cardiologist Graybiel suspects that the gravity-free condition in space may be bad for the heart and the rest of the circulatory system. But is it possible to rotate a spaceship and invest it satisfactorily with something like an artificial gravity? And if so, which rotation speeds will make the men dizzy, and which will be safe?

Twitch of Vertigo. The volunteers and their medic, Lieut. Frederick R. Deane, entered the spin room on Feb. 8, when it started to turn at a lethargic 2 r.p.m. The pace was stepped up by easy stages to 10 r.p.m. Dr. Deane has spent most of his nights "ashore," while another medic took over; but the four volunteers, aged 17 to 19, have had no break in their routine. Though the room is painted the restful apple green of hospital corridors, it has no windows. Despite its homey appurtenances which include pictures of girl friends, a sink, stove, refrigerator, TV and toilet, and its efficient air conditioning, it offers no privacy. In the middle of the floor stands the maypole-like axis around which the chamber rotates. There are no beds—only mattresses on the deck. The volunteers sleep like flower petals, with their heads as close to the room's center as they can get.

The occupants' day begins with reveille at 6:45. Half an hour later the revolving room slows down and grinds to a stop. A door is opened and used bedding is taken out while breakfast is brought in. Similar stops are made at noon and dinnertime for meals to be put aboard. As the room slows down, the occupants must lie down. Otherwise they would suffer vertigo. One little twitch of the head at this stage would destroy their painstakingly built-up adaptation to rotation.

U.S. NAVY



ROTATING ROOM AT NASA PENSACOLA
After 10 r.p.m., eyeballs oscillate.

Darts to the Left. Within a few minutes, the chamber is revved up again to 10 r.p.m., and the day's tests begin. Playing catch with a tennis ball has become a difficult task requiring great skill and adaptation to the rotation speed. Routine jobs on a spaceship would be no easier. Since the room is moving counterclockwise, the pitcher must aim the ball to the left of the catcher. The dart board presents the same problem. Early in the run, the men readily learned to counteract the spin at low speeds. Now they are being tested again at the higher r.p.m. and are finding the game a good deal tougher.

After lunch, the men go through more sophisticated physiological tests. A lighted box gauges the intensity of the "oculogyral illusion" (in which spinning subjects see sidewise motion in a stationary object); electrodes taped above, beside and below each eye, measure the degree to which the men have developed nystagmus (rhythmic oscillation of the eyeballs).

The room is rotating while meals are eaten, and breakfast through dinner the spaceman volunteers are offered generous portions of a normal earthman's diet. But as the r.p.m. picked up, the men's appetites flagged; increasingly they concentrated on servings of cake and chocolate milk. It takes a surprising amount of energy merely to walk in the spinning room, and Dr. Deane notes that "they're all getting quite tired." Even the members of the quartet who normally stay up late are hitting the sack earlier and earlier—while sticking to the Navy custom of sleeping in their skivvies.

Before this experiment, no volunteers had been spun for more than 14 days. So far, says Dr. Deane, all he can be sure of are "a few changes in the chemistry of the blood and urine, and more indications of nystagmus"—no motion sickness.

This week the spin room will be slowed down, and then stopped after 28 dizzying days. The men will still have to spend four days on board for intensive testing before they can lurch off for liberty in Pensacola.

Says Captain Graybiel: "They've adapted very well. It looks as though, if you adapt well at 5 r.p.m., you can go on up. There may be no limit to the r.p.m."

DOCTORS

Traveler's Guide

As more and more Americans take off each year for business and pleasure in faraway places, many of them wonder how they can, if necessary, find a good doctor who speaks English. For $5 a year, the foresighted traveler is now able to get answers covering more than 107 cities in 59 countries.

Establishment of the new service, called "Intermedic," was announced by Manhattan's Dr. Richard E. Winter. Intermedic subscribers will get a passport-size directory that includes a list of the plan's 154 approved doctors and two pages on which the traveler should fill in his own medical data with the aid of his personal physician. This information will not only help the overseas doctor but will guard against the patient's getting a shot of a medicine to which he is allergic. The foreign doctors have agreed to a fee schedule for initial visits: not more than $8 for an office visit, $10 for a hotel call, and $15 for an emergency night call.

The traveler can find an approved doctor for his sniffles or *turista* or worse in Amman (Jordan), Kuala Lumpur (Malaysia) or Reykjavik (Iceland), as well as in such obvious tourist meccas as Paris (where the American Hospital is cooperating), Rome and Athens. The Soviet Union is not yet covered.

A man's castle deserves Mass Mutual protection

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Regency Firing

For James Thomas Aubrey Jr., 46, president of CBS-TV, the weekend promised to be a good one. He had gone to Miami to celebrate Jackie Gleason's 49th birthday, fully aware that his presence was itself a salute to Gleason's TV success. For Jim Aubrey was always conscious of his power.

A Princeton graduate (*cum laude*, '41), conventionally handsome, inwardly tense and outwardly relaxed, he was the boy wonder who stepped into his job five years ago and played the complex, competitive, split-timing game of network programming with such relentless drive and consummate skill that by last year eight of the top ten Nielsen-rated night shows bore CBS's eyeprint, as did all ten of the top daytime entries.


AP

JIM AUBREY

His choices, of course, had cheapened TV. But by commercial standards, he was a success, and CBS paid him a $124,000 salary, plus $100,000 bonus and an option on 65,000 CBS shares (worth $2,995,000 last week). He had the touch, or thought he did, though he was far more overbearing than a really successful man need be.

The legends of his ruthlessness were many. It took him just two minutes for a curt "Not a chance" to dash weeks of work on a new format by Garry Moore. He often told the tale of how he had called in a vice president, allowed him to ramble on for 35 minutes, then abruptly told him he was through.

No Elaboration. But on this Friday afternoon in Miami, James Aubrey was not planning to fire anyone. The Gleason party, complete with June Taylor dancers, was over. The TV king was ready for a good time. And then the telephone in his Fontainebleau suite rang. It was New York, and it was someone with enough authority to order him back immediately. No weekend, no pretty girls, no fun; instead, airport, jet, worry.

At 1:30 Saturday afternoon, still brushing the sunshine out of his hair, he was in Manhattan's Regency Hotel with CBS Board Chairman William Paley and CBS President Frank Stanton, a onetime psychology professor whose somewhat academic manner is quite a contrast to Aubrey's sleek flamboyance. The session lasted 30 minutes, and almost no one knew it had taken place. But at 3 Sunday afternoon, Stanton sent a terse telegram to New York papers that Aubrey had "resigned," although his "outstanding accomplishments need no elaboration; his extraordinary record speaks for itself."

STANTON & PALEY
His record spoke for itself.

Arms Twisted. It might have been expected that a tough boss would be toughly sacked. But the real show-biz touch was to leave everything else to gossip and speculation. The first reaction was to invoke the adage that he who lives by the ratings can die by the ratings. A year ago, CBS's Nielsen rating lead was 22.5 to NBC's 18.8 and ABC's 17.6. But all this season the three networks have been in a near dead heat. Had Aubrey lost his magic? He had once made a purseful of profits from sows' ears such as *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Petticoat Junction*. But this year ABC had doped out Aubrey's own patterns and produced hits like the gimmicky *Bewitched* and the slyly prurient *Peyton Place*. Moreover, the outlook for next year was not good. Big CBS sponsors, such as Lever Bros., General Foods and Bristol-Meyers, took hunks of their business elsewhere.

But even in the fickle world of TV, a major network is not likely to panic because its rating lead has been shaved to a hair-thin .5 of a point. After all, Jim Aubrey was still one of the most aggressive, arm-twisting goal-line fighters in the trade. So there must be another reason, and attention soon centered on Aubrey's old crony and nightclub companion Keefe Brasselle, 41, a sometime actor who had a single success playing the lead role in 1953's *The Eddie Cantor Story*.

Bore & Bomb. Two years ago, Aubrey tapped Brasselle to host a summer-replacement variety hour. It was an unqualified critical and popular bore. But Aubrey persisted. This season he gave Brasselle's Richelieu Productions a contract for three new shows, *The Reporter*, *The Cara Williams Show*, and *The Baileys of Balboa*. Brasselle had barely any experience as a TV producer, but Aubrey bought all three shows without even seeing a pilot film, an almost unheard-of vote of confidence for even an established program packager. All three bombed out: *The Reporter* was canceled after 13 weeks, and both *Williams* and *Balboa* are scheduled to be dropped.

Variety, which hears a lot of show-biz scuttlebutt, reported: "For at least three months, industry insiders had expected that Aubrey's relationship with some program producers . . . could well cost him his lofty CBS-TV position." And the Federal Communications Commission was planning to turn the guns on the network stranglehold over programming (*see following story*). One of its specific interests: the relationship between network executives and independent producers.

The Ratings & the Ax. But even the Aubrey-Brasselle tie-up wasn't sufficient reason. So, much of the post-firing gossip centered on Aubrey's private life. He was married in 1944 to Actress Phyllis Thaxter; they had two children (now 18 and 11), and in 1962 got a Mexican divorce. Not all women swooned in Aubrey's presence, but he radiated a detective-story maleness—and, after all, most of the babes he met were in show business too. His manner and deportment brought an occasional remonstrance from Stanton or Paley, but Aubrey was unconcerned. "How can Paley ax me," he said to a friend, "when I've made him $40 million? As long as I build the stock and drive the ratings up, no one's going to give me a hard time."

But Aubrey was no longer driving the ratings up, and he was far more vulnerable than he suspected. Insiders say the decision to drop him was probably made two weeks ago, before Paley left for a Nassau vacation. But with next year's program scheduling still in its final, hectic stages, it was decided to wait.

Then, abruptly, the timetable was moved up. The New York Times's Jack Gould said the immediate cause was a "personal matter"; *Variety* suggested "private detectives were involved." CBS suddenly discovered it needed Aubrey like it needed a broken arm. Wednesday night Paley flew in from Nassau. Thursday the decision was reached. Friday Aubrey was summoned. Saturday he was out. It was all

so fast, in fact, that his successor, John Schneider, was not even asked to take the job until the day of the firing.

"I was as surprised as the next guy," he admitted. Manager of CBS's New York station for only five months, and before that manager for six years of the Philadelphia station, Jack Schneider, with no network experience, was a deep dark-horse choice. "They simply decided to skip a step with me," he explained. The reason was quickly apparent. By his own admission, "One of the things I have accomplished is to create an atmosphere in which everybody can get along."

The "Three Men" Theme

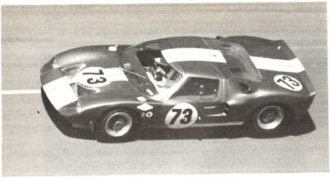
The CBS shake-up, if nothing else, played right into the plans of the reform-bent Federal Communications Commission, whose chairman, E. William Henry, has long deplored TV's "discouraging degree of sameness." Commission investigators have been busy pinpointing the power over TV programming held by what the industry calls "the three men": ABC's Tom Moore, NBC's Bob Kintner, and until last week, CBS's Jim Aubrey. The FCC's Draconian cure: divest the big three of half their prime programming time (7-11 p.m., E.S.T.), hand the task over to sponsors and independents.

TV executives are understandably concerned. "This," said one, "involves principles—and money." It most emphatically does. Networks currently own in whole or in part some 91% of the programs in TV's prime time. It is the profit from such shows, as well as from the time they sell, that provides the revenue to finance their public service and documentary series.

TV advertisers, an agency executive points out, are currently putting some 70% of their budget into spots, and there is no indication that they would venture sponsorship of a whole program, much less speculative pilots that might not make the air for two years—if ever. And there is the point raised last week by Indiana's Democratic Senator Vance Hartke: "What assurance does the commission have that the public interest will be better served by advertiser selection of programs than by network selection of programs?"

In rejoinder, the FCC claimed that "the great diversity among advertisers should equate with the diversity in audience taste." As the FCC's 1962 report indicates, "a willing advertiser who does not rely entirely on mass circulation finds it difficult to persuade [rating-obsessed] network managers to place his program in a desirable time period."

Having originally hoped to promulgate the new rule last week, the FCC at the last minute delayed it for perhaps another fortnight. And even when the regulation is issued, the networks will be given several years to appeal and adapt. But as one network vice president said last week, "Just talking about it could take dollars off our stock."



WINNING FORD GT

SHELBY

Confusion for the enemy.

SPORT

AUTO RACING

Foxed by a Rabbit

For more than a decade, the sleek, sturdy creations of Italian Automaker Enzo Ferrari have practically owned sports-car racing. Going into last week's 2,000-km. (1,243 miles) Daytona Continental, *"Il Commendatore"* had won ten manufacturers' championships in twelve years. It was a fine way to make enemies, among them the Ford Motor Co., which broke into its bulging piggy bank last year to develop a racing sports car of its own: the prototype Ford GT, a rakish, rear-engined coupé with 385 honest horses stuffed into a 40-in.-high package. Bursting with pride, Ford shipped its GTs off to Europe to teach old Enzo a lesson. In four races, not a single GT even managed to cross the finish line.

Car-Killing Duel. For last week's Continental, Ford turned two prototype GTs over to Carroll Shelby, the brash Texan who designed the Ford-powered Cobra, a solid contender in production-class races last year. Shelby spent 1,000 hours preparing for the race, figuring gear and axle ratios, tuning engines, using computers to help adjust the suspension to the track conditions at Florida's Daytona International Speedway. In the time trials, Mexico's Pedro Rodríguez won the pole position by clocking 113.7 m.p.h. in his V-12 Ferrari prototype, and Shelby decided he needed a little strategy too. His plan: turn California's Dan Gurney loose in a Lotus-Ford sprint car as a "rabbit" to lure the Ferraris into a car-killing speed duel.

By the 17th lap, one of the three team Ferraris was already out of action. On the 64th lap, Rodríguez' V-12 Ferrari prototype was hitting 150 m.p.h. when the tread peeled off a rear tire and flailed the underside of the car, smashing the battery and exhaust pipes. Ferrari mechanics slapped on a new wheel, and turned the car over to Britain's Grand Prix Champion John Surtees. But the rear axle snapped on the 116th lap.

Champagne & Beer. "Fine, fine," murmured Shelby as Gurney's Lotus-Ford blasted round and round the 3.81-mile track, trailed by the lone remaining team Ferrari and a phalanx of Fords. He flashed a signal to the GTs and Cobras: EZ—slow down. On the 137th lap, the last Ferrari's clutch failed. Job done, Gurney's Lotus also pulled into the pits, with a sick engine.

Alternately swigging champagne and beer, Shelby watched Texas' Lloyd Ruby sweep past the checkered flag in his blue-and-white Ford GT. A Cobra finished second, a Ford GT was third, and another Cobra was fourth. The winning GT's average speed for 1,243 miles was a record-smashing 99.9 m.p.h. At long last Ford had beaten Ferrari, and a U.S. automaker had scored its biggest victory since Jimmy Murphy won the 1921 French Grand Prix in a Duesenberg.

SWIMMING

Fun at the Games

Odd the way athletes get into trouble. Last week Dawn Fraser, the best woman swimmer in the world, was suspended for ten years by the Australian Swimming Union—for writing a book.

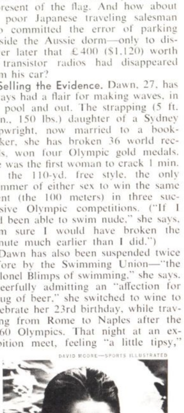
Some book. Titled *Below the Surface: The Confessions of an Olympic Champion* (William Morrow; $5), it has the splash of a poolside *Peyton Place*. "Olympic morals," Dawn confides, "are far more loose than any outsider would expect. There's material in the average Olympic Village for a thesis which might earn any budding Kinsey a Ph.D." Dawn should know. She's been going to the Olympics since 1956—and taking notes, apparently, all the while.

Trade on the Track. Consider, for instance, her statement that the Japanese and Swedish teams regularly "provided girl partners for athletes who felt they needed their attentions." Or that Melbourne prostitutes at the 1956 Olympics "plied their trade mainly on the Village training track." Or that the favorite spot for "cuddling" at the 1958 British Empire Games in Cardiff, Wales, was St. Athan's Royal Air Force camp, where "strollers in the area usually ran the risk of tripping over somebody." Not that Dawn frowns on a little fun at the Games. "I'm no prude," she says, and after all, "swimmers have few delusions about the nature of the human anatomy."

Next to sex, says Dawn, "souveniring" is the most popular Olympic pastime. After those same 1958 Empire Games, there was a reception at which Australian lady athletes "hitched up their skirts and tucked silver pepper and salt shakers and crystal wineglasses into the tops of their stockings or inside their girdles." Flags are particularly coveted: at the 1964 Tokyo Olympics, Dawn herself stole a five-ring Olympic banner from the Imperial Palace Grounds, was tackled by pursuing cops as she tried to dive into the palace moat. When police found out who she was, they made her a present of the flag. And how about the poor Japanese traveling salesman who committed the error of parking outside the Aussie dorm—only to discover later that £400 ($1,120) worth of transistor radios had disappeared from his car?

Selling the Evidence. Dawn, 27, has always had a flair for making waves, in the pool and out. The strapping (5 ft. 9 in., 150 lbs.) daughter of a Sydney shipwright, now married to a bookmaker, she has broken 36 world records, won four Olympic gold medals. She was the first woman to crack 1 min. for the 110-yd. free style, the only swimmer of either sex to win the same event (the 100 meters) in three successive Olympic competitions. ("If I had been able to swim nude," she says, "I'm sure I would have broken the minute much earlier than I did.")

Dawn has also been suspended twice before by the Swimming Union—"the Colonel Blimps of swimming," she says. Cheerfully admitting an "affection for a jug of beer," she switched to wine to celebrate her 23rd birthday, while traveling from Rome to Naples after the 1960 Olympics. That night at an exhibition meet, feeling "a little tipsy,"



SWIMMER FRASER

No delusions about anatomy.

The man of accomplishment knows there is only one Lincoln Continental.

Mr. Frank Palmer, Chairman of the Board and President of Middle Atlantic Transportation Company, Inc.

Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It is the automobile owned by more and more men of accomplishment. It distinguishes them among fine car owners. What does your car say about you?

LINCOLN Continental

America's most distinguished motorcar.

she plunged into the pool, splashed 100 meters, surfaced—and discovered that she was swimming in a 200-meter race. The resulting suspension was lifted in time to let her compete in the 1964 Olympics, where she did her bit to annoy officials even further by disobeying orders not to march in the opening-day parade. She also refused to wear her regulation Olympic swimsuit because it was "too tight across my bust."

Australian sports officials, writes Dawn, "generally are not noted for the firmness of their principles." Maybe not, but they seemed firm enough last week. Dawn announced that she would fight the suspension in court. "I'm not going to take this lying down," she insisted. The Swimming Union said nothing about her position. Why should it? The evidence was in all the bookshops, selling briskly.

PRIZEFIGHTING

For All the Cheese

It isn't easy to ignore Cassius Clay. But the World Boxing Association is giving it a game try. The W.B.A. is anti-Black Muslim, anti-return-bout contracts and anti-noise. It also controls what there is of boxing in 39 states (notable exceptions: California and New York). So last September it declared the heavyweight title vacant, and last week in Chicago it staged a new "world championship" fight between two harmless creatures named Ernie Terrell and Eddie Machen.

Terrell, 25, is a 6-ft. 6-in. rock-'n'-roll singer who uses his right hand mostly for shaving: in a sparring session, newsmen noted that he threw 23 consecutive left jabs. Machen's main claims to fame are that he was outpointed in twelve rounds by Floyd Patterson, flattened in the first round by Ingemar Johansson, and confined for five weeks to a California mental hospital. The best fight of the evening occurred when two fans in the $20 seats unaccountably started punching each other in a dispute over tickets and somebody knocked over Terrell's water bucket. Then the boys on the program took over.

Ernie's basic strategy was to jab, feint and collapse on top of Eddie. Eddie's strategy was martyrdom. In the first round, Ernie bloodied Eddie's nose; in the 15th, he tackled him and knocked him to the canvas. In between, Ernie massaged the back of Eddie's neck and the seat of his pants. For good measure, he gave the referee a couple of pats too. That won him a unanimous decision that 6,587 fans booed for 15 minutes. Said Joe Louis, who spent the evening suffering in Ernie's corner: "Terrell fought like an amateur." But try telling that to Terrell, who immediately started chattering about a fight with Clay. "I'm the champion," he insisted. "The W.B.A. says so." Hooted Cassius: "Why don't they just admit that I'm the king of kings?"

A NEW SURVEY SETTLES THE QUESTION:

"When you have an accident, who is more likely to help you— an independent agent or a one-company salesman?"

ANSWER:

An independent agent, by a big margin.

Most people want help when they have an accident. And want it from someone they already know and trust. It is therefore important to know which kind of insurance agent is more likely to help his clients collect on losses insured through him:

1. An independent agent (that is, an agent who represents several insurance companies) or
2. A one-company salesman (that is, an agent who represents only a single company).

The National Association of Insurance Agents asked an impartial, nationally recognized research organization to accurately measure the difference.

YOUR Insurance Independent AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST" ®

Their unbiased research findings showed:

9 out of 10 independent agents help with claims.

A far lower percentage of other agents do.

Their research proved that The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent agent.

To insure your car, home, or business through an independent agent, look for this seal. Only an independent agent—a man pledged to help you when you have a loss—can display it.

SYSTEM/360 is for you if you always buy on price.

Look at SYSTEM/360 the way you look at a new lathe or a lift truck or a materials handling system.

To judge value, you must look at more than raw hardware price.

You must first measure total work done. Then measure total dollars spent for that work.

We designed SYSTEM/360 to cut costs by increasing total work done per dollar.

SYSTEM/360 and the programming systems that come with it let you handle more than one job at a time. These programming systems take over much of the work of scheduling and routing data through the system.

That speeds programming and simplifies operation. It cuts the time it takes to go from a manager with a problem to a computer and back to the manager with a solution to the problem.

Here's another way SYSTEM/360 keeps down your costs: It comes in your size.

If you are real small, the system comes real small.

If you are real big, the system comes real big.

You can tailor it to fit.

You don't have to limp along with a system that's not quite big enough or fast enough.

You'll never be saddled with a system that's more powerful than you need for existing problems.

Not now. Nor next year. Nor five years from now.

The programming, the central processor, the printers, files, communications terminals—everything fits like a glove. A stretchable glove.

You see, SYSTEM/360 grows as your needs grow. Just as quickly. Just as slowly.

It expands without major reprogramming expense.

It helps you grow. It helps you make a profit to grow with.

Wouldn't you like a computer like that?

SYSTEM/360–The Computer with a Future.

IBM

U.S. BUSINESS

MONEY

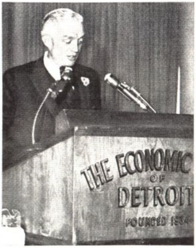
Looking for Change

The U.S. balance-of-payments deficit is the least-understood major problem facing the nation today. Many of the businessmen most affected by it confess that they do not grasp all its vagaries and nuances. But they are convinced that when a relatively modest $3 billion deficit forces a nation with a $650 billion economy to reduce its role in international finance, then something is wrong with the world's bookkeeping.

Last week a top business spokesman, Arthur K. Watson, 45, chairman of IBM World Trade Corp. and younger brother of IBM Chief Thomas J. Watson Jr., gave voice to that belief and made a suggestion for reform. What is needed, Watson told the Detroit Economic Club, is "a system that will give the free world elbow room to grow, without these unending balance-of-payments crises that alternately hound us and Europe." He asked: "Why not create a new kind of currency backed not only by gold but also by the assets of American business abroad?"

Strain & Drain. In theory, such a move could quickly relieve the U.S.'s monetary migraines. The U.S. now has $96.9 billion worth of foreign investments and other assets; that is nearly double the $56 billion of foreign holdings in the U.S. American assets abroad range from giant factories to such enterprises as a mink farm recently opened in Korea, a ski lift run by two young expatriates in Berlin, and the two largest ad agencies in Brazil. World business has become so intertwined that European holdings in the U.S. are about as great as U.S. holdings in Europe. Such well-known companies as Capitol Records, U.S. Borax, Lever Bros. and Shell are European-controlled.

ROD RICHER



ARTHUR WATSON
Something's wrong with the system.

Though many businessmen were intrigued by Watson's idea, bankers and economists from London to Tokyo said that it would hardly be practical. Retorts Watson: "I was only appealing to bankers to find a way out of this dilemma."

The U.S. has ample assets to pay off its foreign creditors—but the problem is that those assets are in the wrong form. U.S. foreign holdings are mostly factories and other long-term investments, while overall foreign claims against the dollar are concentrated in such quickly convertible assets as stocks and dollars themselves. Foreigners can —and do—easily exchange those assets for U.S. gold.

Last week the U.S.'s gold stocks sank to a 26-year low: $14.8 billion. The Treasury let it be known that not only France and Spain but also Belgium, The Netherlands and Switzerland traded in dollars for gold during the last quarter of 1964. West Germany's leading private banker, Hermann Abs, privately urged his government to exchange some of its dollars for gold (Chancellor Erhard has turned him down so far). And the Common Market issued a scolding report, predicting that its members would drain off more U.S. gold unless the U.S. quickly put its house in order.

Public Burden. Washington's solution, of course, is the program to induce businessmen to cut back their profitable foreign lending and investing. Last week Commerce Secretary John T. Connor said that he had enough "assurances" from corporate chiefs to persuade him that the program will succeed. While businessmen have gone along with the President's plan, a number of them point out that the payments gap is caused neither by trade, which brought in a $6.7 billion payments surplus last year, nor by private investment, which was nearly offset by profits brought back home. The main burden on the dollar is the Government's $6.9 billion in foreign spending, and the biggest part of that is its $4.8 billion a year foreign-aid outlay. Businessmen like Watson argue that the world's money system should be reformed so that the U.S.'s financial strength would be measured, not by what it lends or gives away, but by what it actually owns or produces.

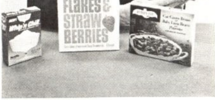
MANAGEMENT

Chief Cook

The chief executive of the General Foods Corp. is one of the most important men in the life of the American housewife. For the eleven years that he has held the job, Chairman Charles Greenough Mortimer has led the mothers' march to chipped, chopped, frozen, freeze-dried, premixed, precooked convenience foods. Last week, approaching mandatory retirement at 65, Mortimer turned over the General Foods basket (Maxwell House and Yuban coffees, Post cereals, Jell-O, Birds Eye, Minute Rice, Tang, Gaines's dog food, etc.) to an aptly named successor. Replacing him as chief: President Chauncey William Wallace Cook, 55, an aggressive, Texas-raised six-footer.

Mortimer is an advertising and marketing expert in an industry that leans on that type of executive, but "Tex" Cook is different. An engineer, he spent eleven years with Procter & Gamble as a plant man before moving to General Foods in 1942 to oversee new building. Not until 1951 did he switch to marketing. He became product manager of Maxwell House instant coffee,

BEN MARTIN



"TEX" COOK
Someone new's in the kitchen.

which the company was about to introduce with a "tiny flavor buds" campaign. Instant Maxwell bloomed. The company's coffee sales jumped from 10% of the U.S. market to a commanding 34%, brought in one-third of General Foods sales ($1.4 billion last year). Says Cook, a modest man in the kitchen: "I think instant Maxwell pulled me along with it."

As befits the head of a company that makes 300 products, Cook thrives on variety, every day drives a different route from his Larchmont, N.Y., home to his office in nearby White Plains to enjoy the scenery. Tex and Wife Frances still have roots in Texas, make a yearly trip back to their home town of Longview.

CO RENTMEESTER

INTERVIEWING STUDENT JOB SEEKERS AT U.S.C.
Management is in, selling is out.

RECRUITING

The Choosy Class of '65

"Jobs are easier to come by than they were just a few years ago," says Herbert Tidwell, 21, a business-administration student at U.C.L.A. "You don't have to be in a hurry to take this one or that one." Though such a notion seems contrary to last week's Labor Department report that unemployment rose in February from 4.8% to 5% of the labor force, it reflects the prevailing sentiment among this year's record number of 650,000 college graduates. Never before have the collegiate job hunters been so hunted themselves.

In the keen competition to recruit the best brainpower on campus, U.S. corporations for some years have been offering successively bigger salaries, better benefits and brighter promises of fast promotion. Pay offers this year are up another 2½% to 4%, to an average $6,375 for seniors in nontechnical fields and $7,560 for engineers and other technicians. Last week, with the recruiting season reaching its peak, most of the Grade A or B collegians already had several feelers or firm offers.

The Magic Words. The choosy class of '65 is attracted most by management-training jobs in such expansive fields as chemicals, oils, autos and consumer goods. "'Management' is one of the magic words," says Dr. Frank Endicott, Northwestern University's placement director. "The others are 'personnel' and 'public relations.'" Among the hottest jobs are computer-bred positions in market research, finance, and economic analysis, which often open rapid routes to the top.

Banks, especially the few that offer overseas posts, are more popular with the students than in past years, thanks to more vigorous recruiting. They still have a long way to go to match the lure of such glamorous industrial giants as Ford, IBM, Honeywell and A.T. & T. Jobs with management-consulting firms are more "in" than ever on campus. Railroads and insurance companies are "out" because they are regarded as too stodgy. Selling jobs continue to suffer from a lowly doorbell-ringing image.

For the venturesome, Wall Street is a magnet. Its elite law firms typically pick only ten or twelve men a year, work them mercilessly, and pay $7,800 to start. Those who survive may become $35,000-a-year junior partners in ten years. Starting pay is about the same in such cities as Chicago, Atlanta and San Francisco, but rises more slowly. Some Los Angeles law firms are recruiting with promises of $20,000-a-year junior partnerships in three or four years. On Wall Street, brokerage houses pay less than law firms, generally $6,000 for beginners; salaries normally rise about $1,000 a year, and by the time a man is 35 he can expect to be earning at least $20,000 in salary and bonus.

About two-thirds of the major U.S. corporations now stake some of their recruits to advanced degrees. Bell Labs, RCA and other companies offer a combination work-study program. The recruit puts in two days a week at the company, studies three days at a nearby university, and collects $6,000 to $10,000 a year. For just taking a temporary job at Hughes Aircraft last summer, Engineering Student Fred Luconi was staked by the company to a fifth year at M.I.T.—with no strings attached.

Businessmen Below. So many seniors are eager to study longer that the corporation's toughest competitor for talent is the university itself. Nationally, 19% of all seniors go on to graduate school; the percentage is much higher in leading schools—47% at U.C.L.A., 66% at Brandeis, 67% at Harvard and Yale, and 86% at Amherst and Columbia. Graduate work lets students avoid the draft and put off the decision of what job to take. The longer students stay in school, the more likely they are to go into teaching or government instead of business.

Harvard's placement directors have noted another phenomenon: the brightest students avoid business. Those at the top of last year's class preferred research or teaching, and most of the men who planned commercial careers stood below the middle of the class.

REAL ESTATE

Quiet Giants

In real estate, as in baseball or show business, most participants strive not only to be first in the standings but to let the world know about it. A pair of entrepreneurs named Alexander DiLorenzo, 48, and Sol Goldman, 47, are quite different. So quietly that almost nobody knew what was happening, they have become the biggest buyers of real estate in the nation's richest real estate market, New York City. Estimated gross value of their holdings: at least $200 million.

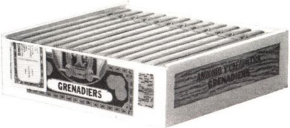
Last week, with $1,250,000 cash and $7,250,000 in mortgages, the pair bought Fifth Avenue's Gotham Hotel from Gotham Realty Co. and its operating lease from hard-pressed William Zeckendorf. They already own the Chrysler Building, the second tallest in the U.S., as well as the Stanhope and Gramercy Park Hotels, the Columbia Pictures Building, and dozens of lesser office buildings, apartments and restaurants. Altogether, they hold title to 450 pieces of real estate, the most important of which are owned by their Wellington Associates.

"I'm a shy guy," explained DiLorenzo, who works behind a buzzer-opening locked door in a semicircular sanctum on the 64th floor of the Chrysler Building. He adds: "We like fast action—some days, if we're dealing with pros, five deals in one day. Knowing the product is what's important. Some people say I have an uncanny mind for next year's values."

The Brooklyn-born son of a mortgage broker, DiLorenzo made his first deal at 17. He borrowed $1,100 to buy a brownstone, which he sold for $3,000. In 1951 he teamed with Goldman, a boyhood pal who was running a wholesale grocery for his ailing father, to buy a 600-unit apartment. DiLorenzo considers it merely "human nature" that his rapid rise led the Government to scrutinize his activities a few years ago. "I had four FBI men following me for some time," he says with a smile. "But they dropped the investigations." Now DiLorenzo and Goldman own the building that houses the Manhattan office of the FBI.

Antonio y Cleopatra...

the cigar that flipped its lid!



To the delight of our salesmen, of course. Sales have increased by many millions of cigars in just the last few years.

Funny thing, but the fellows who make the cigars aren't too surprised. They figure it's a great cigar. Maybe they're so proud of AyC because they're so fussy in the way they make it.

To create AyC's unique new blend, they take fine leaf imported from the West Indies and Latin America and add choice domestic tobaccos.

Then they carefully prepare the flavorful outer wrapper... keeping moisture just right... and you have a cigar of rare taste.

Men say AyC tastes so good it never lasts long enough. But good things seldom do.

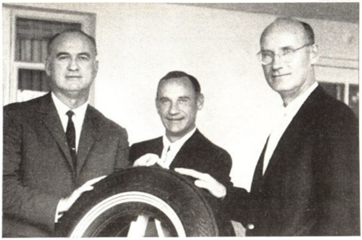
Try Antonio y Cleopatra. But watch it. You may flip over it. Eleven shapes and sizes, 15¢ to 30¢ price range.

ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA

THE CIGAR THAT *NEVER* LASTS LONG ENOUGH

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

ALLAN GOULD



TOM, JERRY & JOHN O'NEIL
Rewarding rides on unfamiliar roads.

CORPORATIONS

General Tire's Widening Tread

Akron's major rubber companies have diversified so widely that none now derive more than 60% of their sales from tires. General Tire & Rubber Co., the smallest of Akron's Big Five in tire sales, is the most versatile of them all. It makes products as varied as missile motors, water skis and oxygen masks, owns a wrought-iron company and a bottling plant, has dipped into oceanography and water desalinization, and was recently awarded a contract by the State of California to investigate new methods of crime prevention. General has moved into so many unrelated industries that, with sales of more than $1 billion, it has rolled ahead of U.S. Rubber and Goodrich, stands behind only Goodyear and Firestone. Last week, stretching into still another field, General bought for $600,000 a 48% interest in the Schenectady (N.Y.) Union-Star, an evening newspaper with a circulation of 35,000.

The Troika. General is run by three brothers, who have taken the company for its most rewarding rides on unfamiliar roads. President Michael Gerald ("Jerry") O'Neil, 43, a cool risk taker, directs the tire and other manufacturing operations in Akron, now devotes special attention to the company's missile-making arm, Aerojet-General, which has been nicked by the aerospace cutbacks. In Manhattan, Chairman Thomas O'Neil, 49, a onetime Holy Cross College football star, oversees the company's entertainment subsidiary, RKO General, and specializes in acquisitions. And John O'Neil, 47, an extraverted intellectual who once studied for the priesthood, heads the finance committee.

The three owe their fortune to some savvy progenitors. Their late father, William, founded the tire company 50 years ago with $50,000 that he had borrowed from their grandfather, a wealthy merchant. William started diversifying almost by accident; in 1940 he bought a radio station as a gift for a fourth son—now in private business in Florida—who was not interested in tires. Soon William began acquiring stations of his own. In 1955 he added Hollywood's RKO complex—which he bought from Howard Hughes for $25 million—and formed RKO General, a subsidiary that accounted for about 20% of General's 1964 profits of $37 million. Today RKO General owns seven radio and five TV stations, a community antenna television company, 123 movie theaters, Pittsburgh Outdoor Advertising, and the 400-room Equinox House in Manchester, Vt.

As a condition for the purchase of another radio station in 1944, William O'Neil paid an extra $75,000 for a struggling California rocket-propulsion laboratory. That has grown into Aerojet-General, a subsidiary that turns out Polaris, Minuteman and Titan rocket motors and a cigar-shaped, 354-ft. oceanographical research vessel called the *SPAR*, which bobs in the seas in a vertical position. Aerojet also produces more than half of General's sales and almost 40% of its earnings.

DAVID GAHR

KEITH FUNSTON
Putting stock in computers.

Tips on Tape. The O'Neil brothers are remarkably casual. Last week neither Jerry nor Tom could remember the name of their Schenectady newspaper. Says Jerry: "We give all the divisions a great deal of autonomy and just try to keep watch over the big picture. That's tough enough sometimes."

To help keep General's wide-angle picture in focus, the O'Neils make tape recordings of important meetings, send them to one another and to the company's divisional executives. This easygoing approach has resulted in surprisingly few errors. The most notable one was General's two-year attempt at moviemaking before it sold off the RKO studios in the mid-'50s. "The only thing you could say about our pictures," sighs Tom O'Neil, "was that no one ever got a disease from them."

Few industries are safe from the General Tire tread. When an RKO General deal to acquire a Philadelphia TV station fell through last year, Tom O'Neil was left holding some ready cash. He elevated his sights and bought 55.5% of Denver-based Frontier Airlines.

WALL STREET

Instant Quotes

The New York Stock Exchange is more active than ever before—daily volume is running 12% above last year's average—and each day more than 70,000 investors phone their brokers to ask how their stocks are doing. This week Exchange President Keith Funston will introduce a computerized system to provide quick answers.

With the new IBM Market Data System, the process will be this: when an investor calls in to ask for a stock quote, the broker can press a button on the base of his telephone and automatically connect into a computer at the exchange. He will then dial a four-digit number to identify which stock he wants to learn about (each of the 1,606 stocks on the Big Board has its own identification number). A recorded voice will instantaneously recite the stock's up-to-the-second price and volume, as well as its opening price and high and low for the day. Example: "G.M., open 100, high 101, low 99, last 100⅞, volume 317 hundred." Every time a trade is made, the recorded voice will automatically change to reflect it.

Similar to the American Exchange's "Am-Quote" system introduced last May, the Big Board's new system is symptomatic not only of the growing use of computers in American business but of the increasing automation in the stock market. Funston also hopes to automate trading in odd lots—fewer than 100 shares—which account for one-fifth of daily volume. When an investor places a small order, the broker will feed the information into a computer, which will execute the order at prices ⅛ to ¼ of a point above (buying) or below (selling) the most recent round-lot trade.

Is there a plot to overthrow British gin?

Yes.

A small band of martini drinkers have had the courage to stubbornly defy tradition and take up an American gin.

They huddle in bars and whisper their orders for Calvert Gin martinis.

Surely, they have a cause to be proud of.

Calvert Gin is made with choice botanicals, as fine as any the British can lay their hands on.

We use only fresh, hand-cut lime peel to achieve a crisp, subtle flavor.

And we put our gin through extra distilling steps until it's 100% dry. Drier than anything the British can produce.

In certain circles, it's still considered rather dangerous to be seen drinking an American gin.

But lately our sales have increased.

The plot thickens.

DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN · 90 PROOF · CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

WORLD BUSINESS

SWITZERLAND

The Gnomes of Zurich

Pince-nez aquiver on his nose, the elegant banker leaned across the wood-inlaid desk in his Zurich office last week and complained: "We have been called Shylocks, gnomes, sinister manipulators—even greedy thieves. These campaigns really wound us. At times it makes one melancholy."

Dr. Alfred Schaefer, 60, chief of the Union Bank of Switzerland, and by common consent that nation's foremost commercial banker, was protesting the notoriety thrust upon Swiss banks by the recent troubles of Britain's pound. Long the world's favorite haven for nervous money, Swiss banks have amassed so much of it (fully one-fifth of their $16.6 billion in deposits comes from foreigners) that when their international clientele decided to lighten its sterling holdings, the banks became heavily though unhappily involved in the run on the pound. The Swiss themselves contributed $80 million to the $3 billion credit that stopped that run; but some disgruntled Britons still feel their economy has been bent to the will of a clique of Swiss financiers. Labor Party leaders sneeringly called them "the gnomes of Zurich."

Neutrality & Conservatism. Something like the fairy-tale gnomes that guarded subterranean treasures, Swiss bankers speak sparingly, avoid social ostentation, and bury their money—two floors below ground level in vaults that are built to withstand even nuclear attack. Nearly half the deposits are in the vaults of five banks along Zurich's Bahnhofstrasse. In addition to the Union Bank, they are the Swiss Credit Bank, the Swiss Bank Corp., and—much smaller—the Swiss Popular Bank and Leu & Co.

Switzerland boasts that it has more banks than dentists. There are, in all, 4,200 banking outlets, or one for every 1,300 people. The banks earned $295 million last year, nearly as much as the tourist industry, and attracted $568 million in foreign capital—on which the nation has long depended to offset its persistently large trade deficit.

This golden tide owes its swell chiefly to Switzerland's reputation for neutrality, conservatism and sound currency. (Today, the Swiss franc is backed more than 100% by gold.) The Swiss have sheltered foreign possessions as well as people through the Thirty Years' War, the Huguenot persecutions, the 1848 revolutions, and the last three major wars in Europe.

Secrets Galore. Swiss banks hold $3,000 worth of riches for each Swiss inhabitant, but their greatest treasure is the anonymous sanctuary of numbered accounts. Only two or three bank officers usually know the true identity of the depositors. The bankers also assign false names to all such depositors (obtaining a specimen signature of the alias) so that nobody can present a lucky string of numbers to a teller and walk away with a secret fortune. Any banker who violates what the law calls "his duty to observe silence or professional secrecy" faces a fine of up to $4,000 and six months in jail; so well disciplined are Swiss bankers that no case has ever reached a federal court. The law was adopted in 1934 to thwart Nazi spies hunting German assets that had fled and were hidden abroad. Later Geneva was regarded as the financing center for both extremes in the Algerian war—the French O.A.S. and the Algerian F.L.N. Today some U.S. officials believe that the banks shield dollars that have evaded U.S. taxes and foreign aid funds diverted by grafters in underdeveloped nations.

The Swiss will lift the secrecy veil if a depositor is accused of a serious crime, but they refuse to worry about tax dodgers. "We cannot act as a policeman for foreign governments," argues Schaefer. He says that his bank provides numbered accounts only for people known to its officers—"not Al Capones or South American generals"—and that it turned down deposits from the Dominican Republic's ousted Trujillo family. But he allows that "not all banks in Switzerland apply the same standards."

Bankers in and out of Switzerland agree that relatively few depositors really have something to hide. Even so, plenty of people are willing to make quite a sacrifice either for anonymity or, more often, for the security the country offers their nest eggs. Under a law passed in 1964, the Swiss banks pay no interest on foreign deposits—and last week, in a special referendum, Swiss voters extended that law for another two years.

BANKER SCHAEFER
Wounded by notoriety.

COMET

UNION'S NUCLEAR-BOMB-PROOF VAULT
Protected by anonymity.

IRON CURTAIN

Some Strength & Little Joy

East Germany, which lives in the shadow of its better half to the west, last week mounted a considerable effort to show off its growing economic strength. The Leipzig Trade Fair, celebrating its 800th anniversary, attracted an alltime-high 10,300 exhibitors, including thousands from 75 nations. The outsiders tended to agree that the most Stalinistic satellite in the Soviet orbit lately has made progress of sorts. The East Germans displayed and sold their own well-wrought machine tools, electronic devices and office equipment; they reached into their foreign-exchange reserve to order millions of dollars' worth of British trucks and a West German chemical plant. They also announced the signing of their first substantial deal with U.S. industry: a contract for Wichita's Litwin Engineering Co. to build an East German synthetic-fiber plant for as much as $25 million.

For all its recent progress, East Ger-

ROBERT LACKENBACH—BLACK STAR

EAST GERMAN RAILWAY CAR AT LEIPZIG
Lift for a drab economy.

many looks today much like West Germany did 15 years ago. Last year its national output climbed 4.7%, to $5.5 billion; by comparison, West Germany's production soared 9%, to $102 billion. While few are hungry or homeless, the country is drab, shabby and without shine. The characteristic Iron Curtain odor of ersatz gasoline fumes and onions fried in cheap grease permeates the atmosphere. The average person's monthly income is 600 East marks, or $270 at the unrealistic official rate of exchange, but only $38 at the free market rate. A pound of coffee costs 32 marks, the cheapest suit 150, a simple dress imported from Switzerland between 400 and 600. To earn such "luxuries," most people work beyond their normal 45 hours a week, or moonlight, or put their wives to work.

The government, hoping to make the people less envious of West German opulence, has lately stepped up production of appliances and other consumer goods. For every 100 East German families, there are 45 TV sets, 23 washing machines and 21 refrigerators—far more than in any other Communist country. Quality remains doubtful. The tinny Wartburg sedan (price: 15,200 marks) is dubbed "Luther" by cynical East Germans because its performance reminds them of Luther's cry: "Here I stand—I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

WEST GERMANY

The Paid Piper

The town of Hamelin, Germany—which according to legend hired the Pied Piper in 1284—last week appointed another official rat catcher: Britain's Rentokil Ltd. It signed a $15,400 contract to rid the town of rats and mice. Applying the techniques that have boosted its annual sales to more than $11 million, Rentokil will use rodenticides, not flutes. Hamelin's children will distribute leaflets asking for aid in locating rodents, but the company has no further plans for the youngsters—unless perhaps the town fathers again rat on the deal.

BRITAIN

Over the Barrel

The news out of Scotland last week was enough to give any Rob Roy drinker pause. A crisis is bubbling in the Scotch industry, whose exports earned Britain more than $258 million in much-needed dollars and other foreign exchange last year. The crisis is not due to a shortage of whisky but of barrels.

Scotch is aged in used barrels, which improve flavor and prevent undue evaporation. Best for the job are sherry-soaked, white-oak barrels from Spain. Second best and far behind are used 50-gallon bourbon barrels from the U.S., in which most Scotch is matured. Because of rapidly rising Scotch demand and production, used bourbon barrels are becoming scarce, and have doubled in price over the past 18 months to $28 per cask.

Some of Scotland's distillers complain that the severe scarcity will force them to close down for several months this summer. Fortunately, the consumer will not taste the difference for quite a while. There are now 450 million gallons being aged in Scotland—a four-year supply.

The Queen's Shipbuilder

The dowager *Queen Mary* will be replaced in three years by a $64 million ship that is known so far as Hull No. 736. Already it has stirred curiosity and controversy. The Council of Industrial Design has worried aloud about whether the Cunard Line will make the ship's interior look smart enough, and last week Cunard felt obliged to announce that the *Queen* will "reflect all that is best in British design."

Nobody doubted that the vessel itself would be shipshape. It will be built, like almost all other Cunard passenger liners, on the banks of Scotland's River Clyde, in the yards of John Brown & Co. With British shipyards ailing, John Brown pared its bid almost to cost to win the largest ship order in British history. This summer the company will assign 5,500 workers to the task of putting together the 58,000-ton *Queen*.

John Brown has built scores of ships—the latest being the 67,000-ton tanker *British Confidence*—and it is busy on land as well as on sea. It is stringing a 500-mile pipeline across Algeria, and will soon begin constructing a $112 million synthetic-fiber plant in Siberia. This wide-ranging activity helped increase the firm's profits 50% last year, to $8,400,000—to the delight of its stockholders, high among which is the Church of England.

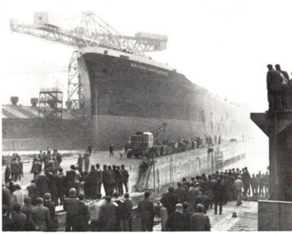
Surviving Nationalization. At the helm of John Brown is Lord Aberconway, 51, a pleasant, unprepossessing product of Eton and Oxford, who succeeded both his father and grandfather as chairman. Lord Aberconway stresses Brown's broad outlook: "We call ourselves engineers *and* shipbuilders."

John Brown started out as a landlubber. A onetime Sheffield cutlery apprentice, Founder Brown ventured into steelmaking in 1840, expanded into railway rails and armor plate. In a dispute with his directors, Sir John resigned in 1871, later died in poverty. The company grew on through wars and depression, hardly paused in the late 1940s, when the Labor government nationalized its coal and steel subsidiaries. It used a $15 million compensation to modernize plants and acquire machine-tool companies. When the Tories offered back the denationalized mills in 1953, John Brown was doing so well that it turned them down.

Not Just Luck. Machine tools now account for 90% of the company's

ALAN CLIFTON

LORD ABERCONWAY



LAUNCHING OF "BRITISH CONFIDENCE"
New directions for an old seamaster.

THIS IS THE RECORD OF FRANKLIN'S 81ST YEAR

Statement of Condition—January 1, 1965

ASSETS:

Cash		$ 11,089,461
Bonds		
U.S. Government and Agencies	$ 69,575,087	
State and Municipal	2,981,579	
Canadian (All Categories)	8,866,186	
Railroad	27,733,470	
Industrial	75,066,528	
Public Utility	193,710,861	
Other	33,724,390	411,658,101
Stocks		
Preferred	2,282,247	
Common	1,965,425	4,247,672
Mortgage Loans		
Commercial and Industrial	220,941,820	
Federally Insured or Guaranteed	30,158,102	
Other	20,801,482	271,901,404
Real Estate		
Home Office	9,952,996	
Investment	12,604,180	22,557,177
Policy Loans		81,870,397
Premiums in Course of Collection		25,067,239
Other Assets		7,907,219
Total Assets		$836,298,670

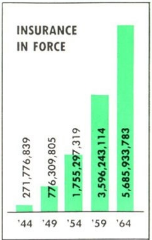
OBLIGATIONS:

Legal Reserve on Policy Contracts	$603,862,454
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	24,900,938
Policyowners' Dividend Accumulations	65,346,900
Other Policyowners' Funds	2,643,341
Reserve for Taxes	6,280,732
Securities Valuation Reserve	2,946,373
Other Obligations	9,967,932
Total Obligations	$715,948,670

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS FUNDS:

Capital 1964—13,721,895 shares	$ 27,443,790
General Surplus	92,906,210
Total Capital and Surplus	$120,350,000

Balance Sheet as filed with Illinois Insurance Department



High points of progress during 1964

New Paid Business: $1,141,941,754.00
Asset Increase: $61,579,398.77
Increase in Reserves: $42,744,944.00
Increase in Surplus Funds: $11,600,000.00
Payments to policyowners and beneficiaries during year: $53,890,693.44
Payments to policyowners and beneficiaries since 1884, plus funds currently held for their benefit: $1,212,615,731.21

The Friendly
FRANKLIN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS • DISTINGUISHED SERVICE SINCE 1884
CHAS. E. BECKER, CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER • GEORGE E. HATMAKER, PRESIDENT
The world's largest legal reserve stock life insurance company devoted exclusively to the underwriting of individual Ordinary Life and Annuity plans.
Over $[illegible] of Insurance in Force

earnings, but the most promising subsidiary is an engineering design and construction firm, Constructors John Brown. "C.J.B.," as its executives call it, is building the Algerian pipeline and the Russian plant, a fortnight ago won an order to put up an Imperial Chemical Industries complex in Yorkshire. Because such business is more promising than shipbuilding, John Brown will be paying less and less attention to the sea. The changing emphasis will reflect its motto—*Nec Sorte Nec Fato* [Neither by luck nor destiny]—which Lord Aberconway amplifies by adding, "Rather by planning and good work."

MILESTONES

Born. To John Osborne, 35, Britain's still somewhat Angry Young Man (*Look Back in Anger, Luther*); and Penelope Conner Osborne, 31, former London film critic: their first child, a daughter; in London.

Married. Sir Compton Mackenzie, 82, crusty old man of Scottish letters (96 biographies, plays, essays and novels, among them *Tight Little Island*); and Lilian Macsween, 46, spinster sister of his late wife; he for the third time; in Edinburgh.

Died. Willard Motley, 52, chronicler of Chicago's Skid Row, a Negro who refused to write about his own race (he once called James Baldwin "a professional Negro"), instead peopled his two best-known novels (*Knock on Any Door, Let No Man Write My Epitaph*) with a collection of whoring, murdering, dope-addicted slum whites as if to prove that Negroes have no monopoly on crime or misery; of gangrene of the intestines from a neglected infection; in Mexico City.

Died. Pepper Martin, 61, charter member of the St. Louis Cardinals' famed Gashouse Gang in the 1930s, an outfielder and third baseman known to his fans as "the Wild Horse of the Osage" for his lunging batting style and stampeding base-running, whose finest hour came in the 1931 World Series against the Philadelphia Athletics which he won almost singlehanded, stealing five bases and batting 12 for 24; of a stroke; in McAlester, Okla.

Died. Brace Beemer, 62, last of radio's Lone Rangers, whose booming "Hi Ho, Silver, Awaaay!" thundered across the air waves from 1941 to 1954 and found its echo in his private life, which he tuned to the Ranger's personality by abstaining from swearing, smoking and drinking, while zealously riding the country's rodeo circuit with black mask, pistol, bullwhip and his white steed named Silver; of a heart attack; in Oxford, Mich.

Died. Chen Cheng, 67, Vice President and former Premier of Nationalist China, an austere soldier-statesman who was Chiang Kai-shek's strong right hand from the early 1920s onward, fought against the warlords, the Japanese and the Communists, introduced the 1949 Taiwan land reform that made 90% of the farmers masters of the land they worked, and until his own ill health and the rising fortunes of Chiang's son reduced his power, was regarded as the Generalissimo's heir presumptive; of liver cancer; in Taipei.

Died. Adolf Schärf, 74, President of Austria since 1957, a Viennese Socialist who, as vice chancellor during the postwar years, shares credit with the late Chancellor Julius Raab for Austria's economic recovery and the 1955 departure of Russian occupation troops, later, as President, quelled a series of rebellions within his Socialist party, thus keeping alive the government's 19-year-old Socialist-Conservative coalition; of liver cancer; in Vienna.

Died. Aubrey Williams, 74, first and only boss of F.D.R.'s National Youth Administration, a gaunt, Alabama-born liberal who helped organize the NYA in 1933 to help Depression youngsters escape from "the dilemma of no experience, no job; no job, no experience," over the next ten years built it into a $50 million-a-year agency providing vocational training for youths from 16 to 25, an idea resurrected last year as the Job Corps by one of his old state directors, Lyndon B. Johnson; of intestinal cancer; in Washington.

Died. Baron Morrison of Lambeth, 77, Deputy Prime Minister in Britain's postwar Labor government (1945-51), the perky Cockney sparrow who organized Civil Defense as Home Secretary in Churchill's wartime coalition government, later became Clement Attlee's top domestic administrator when his own party came to power, spearheading the conversion to peacetime industry and the drive for higher living standards, all of which won him promotion to Foreign Secretary following Ernest Bevin's death in 1951, and a peerage in 1959; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in London.

Died. Thomas Francis Sullivan, 82, railroad conductor, whose moment of tragic fame came in 1942 when his five sons went down with the cruiser *Juneau* off Guadalcanal, after which he stoically toured U.S. war plants urging other fathers, "Never be sorry for the boys who die in battle, but be so proud that you will put your shoulder to the wheel and work all the harder"; of a heart attack; in Waterloo, Iowa.

The Martins had never been to Europe before. That's why they came to us.

The Martins are like a lot of people. Maybe a little like you.

They wanted Europe to come easy the very first time around.

And they'd heard that Pan Am makes things easier than anyone. And so we did.

Among other things, we told them how to get a passport. What to pack. How to plan an itinerary. How to clear customs. Where to look for bargains on the Left Bank. Where to be seen on the Via Veneto. How to tell if a restaurant's expensive without walking in. Where to get ham and eggs. Which wines to ask for. What to tip a waiter. Which way to Chelsea and the Flea Market and the Appian Way. Where to find Americans (and how to lose them). Where to rent a car for as little as $6 a day. How to rent a room for less than that. How to fly to as many as 20 cities for the price of one. How to charge the flights over and back. Et cetera. Ad infinitum.

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The World's Most Experienced Airline has all the answers.

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First on the Atlantic · First in Latin America
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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Do you have to taste all 208 to find the one Scotch that's smoothest?

You have a surprising choice of more than 200 brands of Scotch whisky.

Must you sample your way through all of them to find the *one* whose most pronounced asset is smoothness?

Never! Go unerringly to the Scotch more people prefer: Johnnie Walker Red.

Sample it.

You'll find it smooth and satisfying. So very smooth, so very satisfying, that Johnnie Walker Red is the world's largest-selling Scotch whisky.

End your quest for uncompromising smoothness tonight. Say:

Johnnie Walker Red—just smooth, very smooth

CINEMA

Sappy? No, Absurd

One Way Pendulum. Summoned to the parlor of her modest London home, Mrs. Groomkirby finds that Mr. Groomkirby has transformed it into a replica of an Old Bailey courtroom. "I thought as much," she says bemusedly, then steps into the dock to testify

MILLER IN "PENDULUM"
Maniacs approaching the norm.

in her son's trial for murder. He has slain 34—or perhaps 43—people by striking them down while they laughed at his jokes. Complaints have been lodged, the judge informs her. And drat it, the lad wears only black. Why?

Mrs. Groomkirby smiles patiently. "He always wore black as a baby."

The judge frowns. "Is your husband a Negro?"

"He is an insurance agent."

"Does he have any Negro blood?"

Mrs. Groomkirby shrugs. "He has two or three bottles up in his room, but he doesn't tell me what's in them."

Obviously the Groomkirby household is no ordinary one. This whole sappy movie may, in fact, be too extraordinary for its own good. Based on N. F. Simpson's London play and billed as England's jackknife dive into the Cinema of the Absurd, *Pendulum* shuns nearly every requisite for success. It shows little film sense, for its revue-style humor is more verbal than visual. It is often sophomoric, just as often wickedly funny, and has no plot whatever. To U.S. audiences its best-known players are Veteran Actress Mona Washbourne, as a pixilated aunt, and Writer-Actor Jonathan Miller (of Broadway's *Beyond the Fringe*), who poses as the maniacal son Kirby Groomkirby.

Homicide is only one of Kirby's quirks. Upstairs he conducts choir practice for a collection of speak-your-weight machines, reasoning that machines that talk ought to be able to sing *a cappella*. He also dotes on Pavlovian dogs, and his reflexes are conditioned accordingly. "Now he has to have a little ping every time he sets down to a meal," his mother complains, pinging.

Surprisingly, behind *Pendulum's* sometimes tidy, sometimes tiresome chaos, Writer Simpson has planted one or two ideas that swing. The Groomkirbys, on the surface, behave like any middle-class family, and after a while their absurd rituals and lunatic discourse begin to seem alarmingly close to the norm. And as they blithely beat words to a pulp in their do-it-yourself Old Bailey, they somehow suggest that one way to solve the angst-ridden question of communication among men is to kill the language in self-defense.

All About Evie

Dear Heart will be called a woman's picture, possibly because it is old hat, old shoes, and hasn't got a thing to put on that everyone hasn't seen a dozen times before. Its heroine is the familiar small-town spinster who stands at the remnant counter of life trying to talk herself into a Big Splurge.

Fresh in from Avalon, Ohio (pronounced Uh-hia), to attend a corn-fed Manhattan postal convention, Evie (Geraldine Page) coyly introduces herself: "I'm a postmaster. Suppose I ought to say postmistress, but that sounds a bit racy." Desperately folksy, she calls the bellhop "Shorty," greets the switchboard operator with: "You sound as if your name ought to be Virginia."

Evie ogles the sights and buys a souvenir Statue of Liberty, but New York's hottest attraction turns out to be a greeting-card salesman named Harry (Glenn Ford). Evie looks at him and feels reckless. He looks at her and decides that she is nothing to write home about. Besides, he already has more than one post-mistress. Engaged to a widow in Altoona (Angela Lansbury),

PAGE & FORD IN "HEART"
Plain folks going to pieces.

he has just ended an affair with Artist Patricia Barry, and is warmly entreating the blonde (Barbara Nichols) at the hotel newsstand to be his "secret pal" for the night. The blonde agrees.

Afterward Harry hates himself, but Evie, when she learns of it, seems to like him even better. He invites her down to the Village to see a flat he has rented for the widow, and of course she thinks it is for her. When she finds out it isn't, she begins to cry. Harry suddenly notes that Evie is not simply one of those eccentric biddies that you hate to sit next to on a plane. She is—well, a person. A real person. Back at the hotel several scenes later, their hands touch to the accompaniment of violins and a timely phone call. "I'm downstairs," snaps the widow. The script holds no further surprises.

Director Delbert Mann, who filmed *Marty* ten years ago, has enlisted many gifted people to keep *Dear Heart* thudding along. Thud it does, because it lacks the tough, painful insights that made *Marty's* small world loom large. Actress Page, who can make a wallflower look like a man-eating plant, strives to read depth and pathos into a role that cracks under the strain, for Scenarist Tad Mosel's out-of-towners can only be taken lightly. They are stereotypes swathed in homespun, plain folks played for hicks.

Gina, Rock & Gig

Strange Bedfellows. As an executive of Inter-Allied Petroleum Products, Rock Hudson awaits a promotion to head the firm's European office at $200,000 per annum. "All you need is one reasonably respectable wife," says Public Relations Wizard Gig Young, rabbeting in a plot gimmick designed to keep a flapdoodle comedy from collapsing in the first reel. Of course, Rock has a demiwife (Gina Lollobrigida) ready at hand in London. But Gina is neither respectable nor reasonable. She is a chichi freethinker, addicted to protest marches and The Arts. Rock had been splattered with so much paint and pizza that they declared a cease-fire seven years ago, are now about to be divorced. He can never go back, Rock insists, not even for dear old Inter-Allied. Why should a man pour troubled waters on his oil?

Gig suggests 200,000 motives, and a reconciliation is followed by the usual palaver about love, life and sleeping arrangements. They must curb their "primeval ahneemal appetites," says Gina, but she can't curb the bohemian in herself. In protest against unnamed bureaucrats who have requisitioned a fig leaf for a work of art, she defiantly agrees to march on the U.S. embassy just as Rock's boss arrives there. Gina appears as promised, sitting astride a white horse à la Lady Godiva, filling a flesh-toned body stocking that rolls all the way up to the neck. There are no runs in Gina's stocking, but *Bedfellows* itself has very crooked seams.

BOOKS

RALPH CRANE—LIFE

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Where the Money Lies

For the hungry author, yesterday's get-rich-quick formula was to produce a popular success and then sell it to the movies. Today, Hollywood's supremacy as the fountainhead is under serious challenge by the paperbacks. Once little more than literary scavengers prospecting the bestseller lists for low-risk, high-return reprints, the paperback publishers have risen on soaring profits to the estate of a wealthy and indiscriminate buyer that no writer can afford to ignore.

This new bull market for writing talent is not concerned with literary values, and it is even less interested in giving a leg up to the worthy unknown. The paperbacks are magnetized by dollar success. The product they want is the writer who has already established himself at the far end of the slow, heavily edited and thoroughly disciplined route provided by hard-cover publishing houses. But once such a man has arrived, the paperbacks will buy him—and they are currently willing and able to pay nearly any price.

Paperback Loophole. Before John Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* hit the bestseller lists and stuck, the right to reprint it was worth only $25,000 to Dell Publishing Co. Last month, with Le Carré's ability to sell no longer in doubt, Dell doled out a thumping $400,000 to republish his new spy story, *The Looking-Glass War,* which will come out in hard cover this fall. Kathleen Winsor got $500,000 from Pocket Books for paperback rights to her next book, as yet unpublished. James Michener's next plot exists only in a rough draft, but that did not deter Fawcett from paying upwards of $700,000 in advance for the privilege of reprinting it.

Such generosity is supported by quick, mass-production reprint profits that the old established hard-cover houses cannot possibly match. Over the course of a year, Coward-McCann managed to peddle 250,000 hard-cover copies of Le Carré's *Spy,* at $4.50 a copy, for a very respectable gross of nearly $1,250,000. But Dell's 75¢ pocket edition sold 3,000,000 copies in just three weeks—for a gross of $2,250,000.

Some paperback concerns are now shrewdly buying writers instead of titles. No author really likes to split his reprint royalties with his publisher—a standard clause in most contracts—and the paperbacks have found him a loophole by entering the hard-cover field themselves. For the sake of the writer's pride, they first publish the edition that goes on the library shelf and commands the reviewer's eye, followed by the cheap edition for the nation's pockets—both under the same contract.

Missing Disciplines. Dell's new hard-cover imprint, called Delacorte, lured James Jones away from Scribner's, which had published his first four books. Jones's contract assures him $800,000 for rights to his next three books, despite the fact that Jones is only halfway through the first. Dell also signed Irwin Shaw by offering him 100% of the reprint royalties. Pocket Books created Trident Press for the sole purpose of encouraging Harold (*The Carpetbaggers*) Robbins to go AWOL from Knopf.

Understandably upset by the new trend, the hard-cover houses like to think that the defecting authors will soon miss the experienced editing that they left behind and will one day return to the fold. It is just as likely, however, that the new lords of the publishing domain will adjust to these authors' needs, meanwhile paving their lives with the kind of money that they could not get before. This thought has already occurred to Bennett Cerf, president of Random House. "I do think that the old standards may have to change," he said. "We are going to have to take a new look at publishing contracts and percentages."

Master of the Eye

THE GOLD OF THE RIVER SEA *by Charlton Ogburn Jr.* 534 pages. *Morrow.* $6.95.

The Brazilians sometimes call it "the River Sea," and in fact the Amazon is like an inland sea. It holds nearly one-fifth of all the fresh water in the world. In places it is so wide that a steamer sailing up the middle cannot keep both banks in sight. Even 800 miles inland, dolphins arch through its surface and cormorants skim its waves. For Author Ogburn, the River Sea is both setting and protagonist for a rousing, sprawling, splendidly old-fashioned story of high adventure and romantic idealism.

The Quest. It is the slack time of the 1930s, and Julian Tate is a young man in need of a quest. He finds it on the day he is offered a job working in Brazil for a man named João Monteiro, who is trying to interest Wall Street capital in a mining concession on the Massaranduba River, a major tributary far up the Amazon. There is gold in the Massaranduba valley, and rumors of diamonds and emeralds as well. But what fires Julian is the chance to explore the tropic frontier, to prospect and map the river and rain forest, to test himself against extreme physical hardships while at the same time proving himself in the heady world of international finance.

Aboard the freighter out of New York, Julian meets Cora Almeida. Slim, blonde, cool, casual, and effortlessly provocative, she is the American wife of the Brazilian politician who is the archenemy of Monteiro and the Massaranduba Concession. By the time Julian steps off the boat in the port city of Belém, he is enthralled. He is also neck-deep in Brazilian intrigue, for the Concession is not only a business deal but the political lever by which Monteiro and his party hope to gain control of the state government.

An Overmastering Lust. Yet Julian's real mistress is the great river. As soon as he can shove politics aside, he presses on to the Concession territory itself; this voyage of discovery, upriver for more than a thousand miles by steamship and motor launch, is the central theme of the book. Cora Almeida is put aboard by her husband to seduce Julian away from his loyalty to the Concession. The temptation is painful; in bracing contrast to most fiction today, it is overmastered by youthful lust for adventure and exploration.

He goes on, but his passion for exploration erodes into dementia: an obsession with prospecting for gold. The fever of malaria, and a wound from a poisoned arrow in an Indian attack incited by the enemies of the Concession, finally fell Julian in the wilderness and begin the process by which he regains his perspective and makes his way downriver again. But before he turns back, he does achieve a final, al-

most unbearably poignant understanding of the vision of unspoiled beauty and goodness that has whipped him on.

Color & Light. Through it all runs the Amazon. The reader comes to know it, from the shallow forest streams where gold grains sparkle, all the way down to the point a hundred miles offshore where the water is still tan with silt and fresh enough to drink. Author Ogburn is a man who can see, and make the reader see. He is a spectacular colorist of light and air and foliage. His perceptions can be quick as an epigram. He is also master of a sweeping, supple, symphonic style that can keep the reader fascinated through a three-page passage about the junction of two rivers, or a seven-page description of the coming of a thunderstorm to an equatorial town. "There are times when one experiences a hunger of the consciousness," he observes, and he has prepared a rich and leisurely feast for such hungers.

AP

DIETRICH, FAMILY & STERNBERG
Somebody else was to blame.

Svengali's Revenge

FUN IN A CHINESE LAUNDRY *by Josef von Sternberg.* 348 pages. *Macmillan.* $6.95.

Old directors never die—they just become verbose. Take Josef von Sternberg, for example: today he is remembered only as the man who discovered Marlene Dietrich. Clearly there was nothing he could do but write a bitter book and generously distribute the blame.

His autobiography is notable for the acid it exudes. Other Hollywood directors, he remembers distinctly, knew nothing about their craft, the big studio producers rejected anyone with ideas, and the unknowns he ushered into fame —William Powell, Cary Grant—were ungrateful. He exposes in painful detail the ineptitude and neuroses of Actors Emil Jannings and Charles Laughton. By Sternberg's account, Laughton was not only incapable of delivering the simplest line, but could not begin a

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scene without listening to a recording of the Duke of Windsor's abdication speech, was in a constant state of panic, and froze so often in front of the camera that Sternberg was forced to film rehearsals, when Laughton didn't think the cameras were running.

His account of Dietrich and the Svengali-Trilby relationship that produced *The Blue Angel, Shanghai Express* and *The Devil Is a Woman* is pitiably bitter. While other stars complained of Sternberg's cruel direction, Marlene loyally praised the very hardships he put her through, as when he made her walk barefoot across the blazing desert while filming *Morocco* with Gary Cooper. But to Sternberg this was no more than a deliberate plot designed by Dietrich to gain public admiration for herself and to shower abuse on him. He recognizes some talent in her, chiefly an ability to follow direction, but dismisses this, as he does all acting, as a gift of no importance "requiring only a relatively minor ability to mimic." He mentions her husband, Rudolf Sieber, grudgingly, never speaks of her daughter.

In his own time, Sternberg's films were criticized for being static, plotless, "two-dimensional fabrications." Today film buffs recognize his early *Salvation Hunters* and *The Blue Angel* as masterly classics, but recognition has come too late and too grudgingly to allay Sternberg's bitterness, which infects his vision and distorts what is otherwise a fascinating narrative.

The Step Beyond Failure

PRETTY TALES FOR TIRED PEOPLE *by Martha Gellhorn. 221 pages. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.*

Some of the best of people seem to lead the sorriest of lives; but failure can be a possible preface to maturity. This is the theme developed with witty grace in these three long short stories.

Each in its way makes a contrast between worldly and moral achievement. In *A Promising Career*, an inhumanly professional bachelor pursues his ambitions until his mistress, a Venus' fly trap passing as a violet, involves him in a scandal, ruins his career, sees him exiled to Ghana, where he hits the bottle, hits bottom, and discovers that he is human after all. In *The Clever One*, a successful, coldly unlikable lawyer meets an aging courtesan who marks him down for marriage and alimony, then sweet-cheats him at every turn until he finds her out, throws her out, and brokenly collapses—humbled, gentled, and at last quite likable.

Best and most characteristic of the stories is *The Fall and Rise of Mrs. Hapgood*. An English matron, shocked to learn of her seemingly unassailable husband's chronic infidelities, looks long at herself and is repelled by what she sees: something between a nanny and a Girl Guide. She takes on a new face, a new wardrobe, a lover ("Why not have

PRIYA RAMRAKHA

GELLHORN
Between a nanny and a Girl Guide.

fun?"), and learns to fight for her real life "like a sane animal that wants to survive." Her husband, she realizes, had wanted her merely as a mother; her lover, she feels, is making an honest woman of her.

But in time she understands that her lover does not only want to love her; he also wants to own her, and this she cannot permit. A mature woman, she senses, cannot belong to anyone except herself. She therefore abandons both men, goes off to Spain to live alone in a rehabilitated villa—and apparently likes it. "It was rumored that she walked alone on the beach, at odd hours, just after dawn, just before nightfall." The neighbors could not understand why she did not marry.

Author Gellhorn suggests that her beach-haunting heroine has finished an education, but has only just started to live.

Withdrawal Symptoms

THE SKI BUM *by Romain Gary.* 244 pages. *Harper & Row.* $4.95.

The spring of 1963, to hear Novelist Gary tell it, was the time when all the bright and earnest college kids in Europe were high on Pope John XXIII and nuclear disarmament. But Lenny, the ski bum, is not bright and earnest. He is bright and cynical, a young American who sees himself as fallout from the population explosion. On the lam from living, he finds escape only in the purity of the Swiss snow fields, where he maintains himself all winter by giving ski lessons, and sometimes his fair body as well, to rich ladies.

But here comes summer. Compulsive skiing, like any other addiction, has withdrawal symptoms. Lenny is driven

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down below the retreating snow line to scrounge a living however he can: below 5,000 ft., after all, anything goes. At just this point the novel begins a long, slick schuss into sentimentality, for what goes this time is the sure novelistic cure for male cynicism—a pretty girl. Bright, earnest and conveniently voluptuous, she is upset because her father, a U.S. diplomat, is so absolutely sweet and wonderful but a hopeless drunk. She is further upset when Pope John dies; so, naturally, she allows her new friend to take her virginity. She is still further upset when he tries to inveigle her into gold smuggling. But with entire predictability, she at last saves him from himself, and the book comes to a stop in a soft pink snowbank. The novel is a skillful, showy little exhibition—but a disappointment from an author who has produced such championship performances as *The Roots of Heaven* and the autobiographical *Promise at Dawn*.

Puck Fair

THE ORGY by *Muriel Rukeyser*. 213 pages. *Coward-McCann*. $4.50.

The Puck Fair at Killorglin in West Kerry is an unholy midsummer Sabbath. Its origins are pre-Christian. The Puck is a wild male goat, the grandest that can be caught. For three days he rules. Priests and police crouch indoors. Strange road folk called tinkers swarm from caravans. Horse and cattle traders bargain early and drink late. Maidens and married ladies, undanced with for the rest of the year, play ten-toes-up with bumpkins made bold by Puck's fine pungence.

The narrator, a holidaying poet and biographer who is indistinguishable from Author Muriel Rukeyser herself, is supposed to be scouting for a friend who makes movies, but abandons the notion after tucking back her first glass of Irish whisky. This, as she reports it, is a two-paragraph drink, full of a poet's notion of prose, beginning "The Irish touched my lips, cool, and then branched out in purity of fire, lips, breath, breasts . . ." and ending "all other whisky is the shadow of Power's."

The author's reporting of the color and confusion of this Celtic barcarolle is vivid and poetically evocative, but it is interrupted by personal references that seem self-indulgent. Her sister is flying to Peking, the author mentions several times without explanation. There is a playwright named Jonah, a son, a marriage, all mentioned with verbal nudges and eyebrow lifting, none comprehensible to the reader or relevant to Killorglin. There are friends in Ireland whose portraits are washed in far too thinly for a book that at times appears to be a memoir in the act of becoming a novel. The last impression the book leaves is of a richly emotional letter from someone the reader does not know to someone else he has never met.

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